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An advertisement for Moët & Chandon Champagne. At the top, a crest is flanked by the letters 'MC' on the left and 'M' on the right. Below the crest, the text reads 'BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI'. The main title 'MOËT & CHANDON' is in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below it, 'CHAMPAGNE' is written in a slightly smaller, bold, serif capital letters. At the bottom, 'MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743' is written in a smaller, serif capital letters. The bottom of the page features two product names: 'DRY IMPERIAL' and 'PREMIÈRE CUVÉE', with 'Vintage' and 'Non-Vintage' written below them. The entire advertisement is framed by decorative borders on the left and right sides.

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"Dear me!" Alice exclaimed. "It must be very difficult to open a bottle of Guinness with a button-hook."

"It is," said the Hatter. "Very difficult."

"You have to be very strong," said the March Hare.

"And we can't be strong till we've had the Guinness, you know," the Hatter concluded. "Can you wonder we're mad?"

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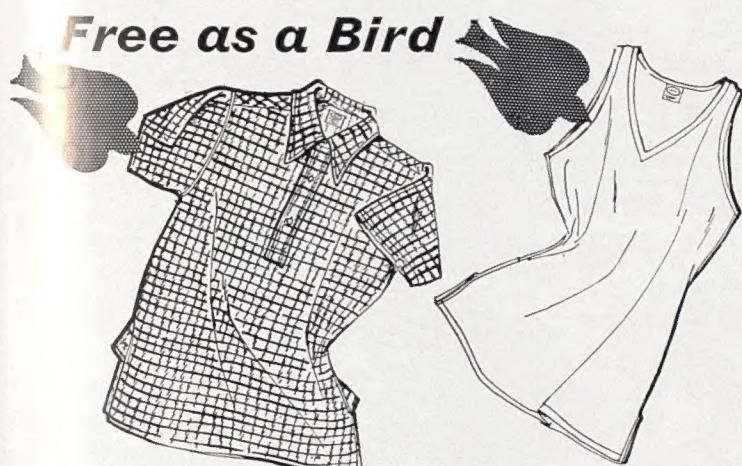


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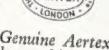
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JULY 28  
1954



Armstrong Jones

## A LEADING DÉBUTANTE IS SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

MISS GILLIAN IRELAND-SMITH, one of the most attractive of this season's débutantes, is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Norman Ireland-Smith, of Wingfield House, Sunningdale, Berks. She is fond of travel and plays an excellent game of golf. After the season she plans to take up modelling



In a flower-filled corner stood the two débantes for whom the ball was given, Miss Adele Wynne-Williams and Miss Madeleine Grand



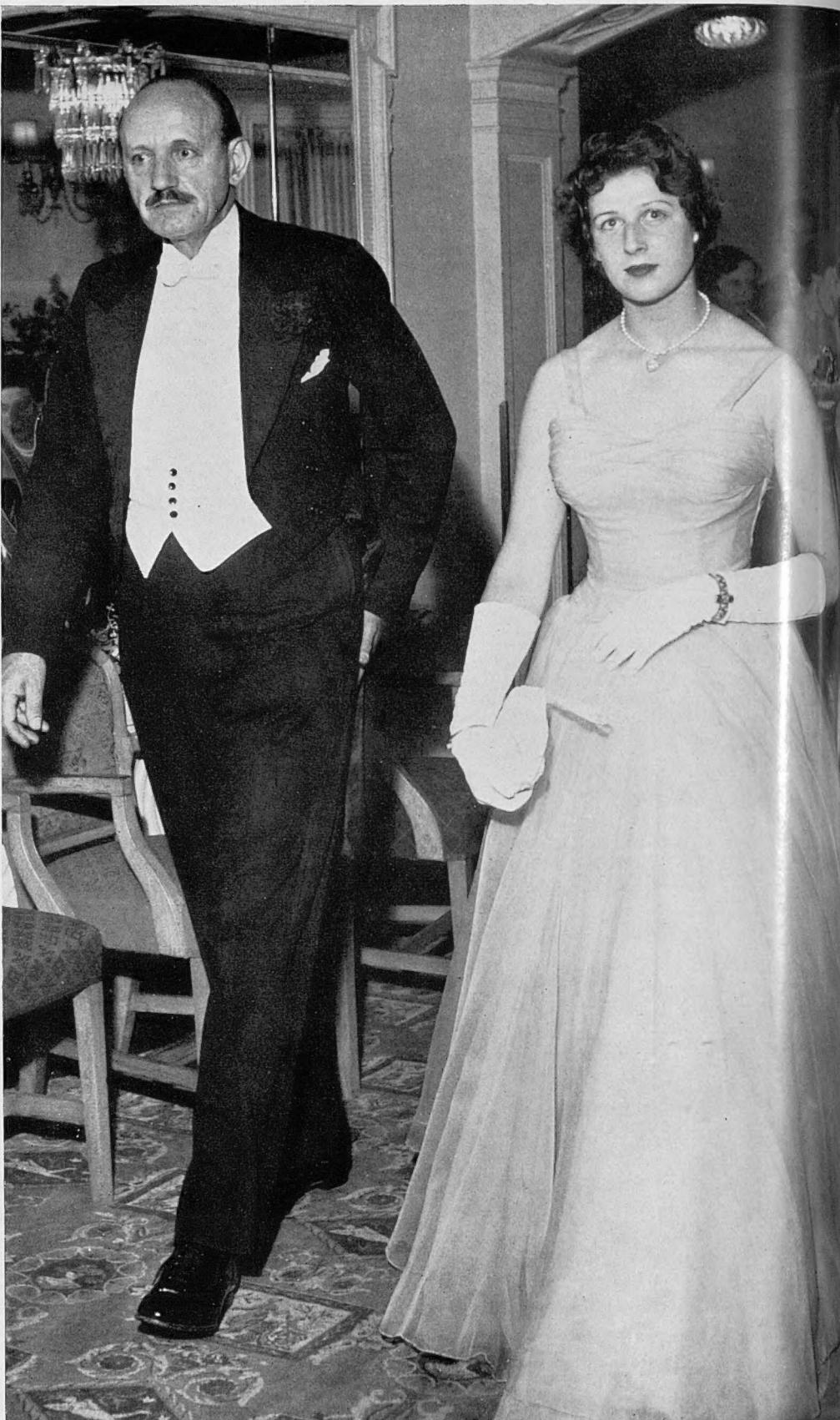
Miss Beverley Snyder (right) and Mr. Bill Blandford-Newson stopped to have a word with the Hon. Mrs. Denis Buckley



Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams (centre) with two Italian guests, Contessa Letizia Sassoli de Bianchi and Count Philip Sassoli de Bianchi

## YOUNG PRINCESS AT JOINT DANCE

A JOINT celebration was given for Miss Madeleine Grand and Miss Adele Wynne-Williams by their parents Major-Gen. and Mrs. L. D. Grand and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wynne-Williams. Some 250 guests danced in the Orchid Suite of the Dorchester, chief among them being H.R.H. Princess Alexandra



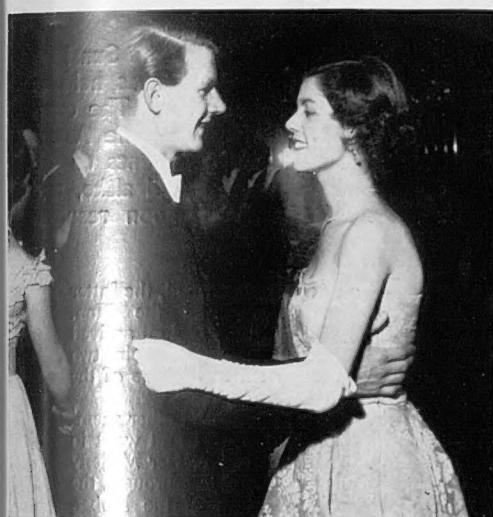
The principal guest of the evening, Princess Alexandra, was escorted on her arrival by one of the hosts, Major-Gen. L. D. Grand, who is a neighbour of the Duchess of Kent at Iver, Bucks



Watching the reels from the side of the dance floor were Mr. John Whinney and Miss Mary Weld-Blundell



Others who shared a most enjoyable evening were Mrs. A. J. Monico, Mrs. R. Shand Kydd, Dr. Ian Coupland and Mr. A. J. Monico



Laughing and circling the floor were Miss Penelope Wykeham and Mr. Colin Simpson



Skilfully partnering Miss Susanna Shaw in a waltz round the crowded ballroom was the Hon. Robin Neville



Mr. Brian Waldren and Miss Rosemary Benda were enjoying a glass of champagne in the bar between dances



An eventful story told by Mr. Antony Lincoln was closely followed by Miss Annabel Balfour and Mrs. Antony Bland



Mr. Peter Paxton, Miss Shirley Tyler, Mr. Frank Wellings and Miss Valerie Campion had just greeted some friends who were coming across to join them

Van Hallan



The Marchioness of Blandford and Lady Buckhurst, who were helping to run the toy stall, took a short rest and sat awhile on a stone seat in the sun

## Social Journal

# The Queen's Horse First In Europe

IT was a memorable occasion for all present when Her Majesty's home-bred colt Aureole ran a magnificent race to win the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot—the most valuable race of the year in England—defeating the much fancied Italian champion and the best French horses. It is good to know that our young Queen, who so genuinely enjoys her racing, and takes the keenest interest in British bloodstock breeding, owns the best horse in Europe.

Aureole, who retires to stud at the end of the season, has proved one of the most consistent horses in training and has won over £40,000 in stake money. He is beautifully bred, being by that grand old horse Hyperion, who will once again head the list of winning sires, out of the Queen's own mare Angelola.

After the race the Queen, smiling joyfully, went down to the unsaddling enclosure, being cheered all the way. She congratulated her trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and the jockey Eph Smith who rode her horse, and gave Aureole several appreciative pats. With her was the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Among the first to congratulate the Queen were the Duke of Norfolk, Viscount Allendale, her racing manager Capt. Charles Moore and Lord Tryon, who were all stewards at the meeting. As the party returned to the Royal box the Queen stopped to talk to friends, and was enthusiastic about the splendid race Aureole had run.

Owners from France at Ascot included M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac, who had two runners in the big race, and won the last one with Shaker II, and Mme. Leon Volterra, who had two runners that afternoon, Vamos who was second to Aureole, and Le Bourgeois who ran third in the last event, the Sunninghill Park Stakes. The Prime Minister was there to see Prince Arthur run in this race.

Mr. John Dewar's many friends were delighted to see him racing again. He was ill in a nursing home during Royal Ascot and has missed many weeks of this flat season.

★ ★ ★

THE QUEEN, wearing the yellow faille dress and yellow tulle pancake hat with a small dark green crown which thousands admired at Royal Ascot, came out into the gardens of Buckingham Palace to meet the several thousand guests who had been invited to the first Royal garden party of the season. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh.

In the Royal party were the Queen Mother in a lavender and grey printed chiffon and grey fox stole, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in a navy blue silk suit and little white hat, the Princess Royal in a light summery frock, Princess Marie Louise, Princess Alice in grey chiffon and fox stole with the Earl of Athlone, their daughter Lady May Abel Smith and two granddaughters, Anne and Elizabeth Abel Smith;



Other helpers at the toy stall were Lady Caroline Waterhouse, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ford and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell

A GARDEN PARTY in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies was held at The Holme, Regent's Park. The committee, headed by Lady Irene Astor, organized the entertainments to the delight of young and old alike, and a most successful afternoon resulted

also the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the latter in a yellow dress and hat, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and his wife, who had all arrived together driving themselves, and left their two cars under a tree in the garden at the side of the Palace.

As the party began, the Queen and other members of the Royal Family separated and went in different directions across the lawns, Her Majesty being accompanied by the Earl of Scarbrough, he Lord Chamberlain, her Mistress of the Robes, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, wearing a cornflower blue ostrich feather hat with her black coat, and her ladies-in-waiting.

WHEN the Queen arrived an hour later at the Royal tea tent she relaxed with a cup of tea before meeting members of the Diplomatic Corps, who had been bidden to the Royal tent. The Prime Minister and Lady Churchill, wearing a clerical grey dress, were there, as were Viscount and Viscountess Woolton, the latter in a brown dress and hat. Among those I met strolling across the lawns were Lord and Lady Cornwallis, who had spent the previous day at the Kent County Agricultural Show, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the latter wearing one of the prettiest dresses. It was of mushroom-coloured faille embroidered with fine silk cord, and with it she wore a large black hat and silver fox furs.

Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott were on their way to tea accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Watt. Lady Sudeley was talking to friends, as also were Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter very chic in black with a small yellow flowered cap, and Lord Killearn and his wife, who wore a large navy blue hat with her navy blue dress. Like Sir Frank and Lady Roberts they were later having tea in the tent with many friends in the Diplomatic Corps. Sir Charles and Lady Taylor were there, also Sir Denys and Lady Lawson enjoying tea at one of the tables on the lawn, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek, who were off to Paris the following day where he presented *The Confidential Clerk*, the Maharajah of Jaipur in the khaki uniform of the Life Guards, and his Maharani in an exquisite white sari, and Lady Illingworth with Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, who wore a tiny pink flower trimmed straw cap with a blue and pink printed dress. Earlier in the day the Duchess had given a luncheon party at her flat in Grosvenor Square, when her guests had included the Mexican



Examining some purchases they had made during the afternoon were Mrs. Leonard Plugge and her daughter Gale



Mr. David Wigan, who was in charge of the coconut shies, and Mrs. Richard Rasch, persuaded Simon Rasch to try his skill



Lady Melchett and her children the Hon. Peter, aged six, and the Hon. Kerena, aged three, greatly enjoyed the garden party

Ambassador and Mme. de Icaza, who told me she is shortly off with her children to Biarritz for six weeks' holiday, Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, Sir John and Lady Rothenstein, Mr. Gordon Pirie and Señor Don Tristán de Avilés, Counsellor at the Ecuadorian Embassy, and his wife. The two latter were also at the Royal garden party later. Señor and Señora de Avilés have planned an amusing holiday. They have bought a caravan and with their two young daughters are taking it to the Continent, staying with friends in France and Spain and eventually arriving at Formentor in Majorca, which is the choice of many people for their holiday this summer.

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**M**ISS ROSEMARY STOCKDALE, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Minshull Stockdale, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. Anthony Tennant, elder son of Mr. John Tennant and Lady Radcliffe, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Peter Gilliat and Canon R. H. Robinson. She wore a dress of parchment-tinted satin with a train of exquisite old satin brocade which had been worn by her grandmother, while a spray of lilies of the valley held her long tulle veil in place.

She was attended by two pages, Frederick Stockdale and Lord William Compton, wearing cream silk shirts with long green velvet trousers, and there was one child bridesmaid, the bridegroom's half-sister, Aurea Tennant, who wore a white organdie dress over yellow tulle. The older bridesmaids were the bride's sister Miss Jane Stockdale, Miss Sally Churchill, Lady Amabel Yorke, the Hon. Clarissa Chaplin and Miss Sarah Chester Beatty, five exceptionally pretty girls, whose dresses of cream satin bodices and white organdie skirts over yellow tulle were most becoming.

At the reception in Hutchinson House, after the young couple and their parents had received the guests and cut their cake, Mr. Mark Tennant, who was best man to his brother, proposed the health of the young couple. Guests who gathered round to wish them happiness included the Marchioness of Northampton and one of her sons, Myra Lady Fox, Mrs. Berners and her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, who told me she would be returning to her home near Gibraltar at the end of this month, Brig. Derek Schreiber, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Basil Woodd, just

back from the Middle East where he has been commanding his regiment, and now house hunting as he has an appointment at the War Office. The Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg were among the long queue of guests stretching right down the stairs, as also were Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, Mrs. Tufnell and her son Timothy, Mrs. Calvocoressi and her daughter Yolanda, Miss Julie Pinckney and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie.

Photographs of the wedding will be found on pages 159-61.

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**T**HE fine reception rooms of the Speaker's House in the Palace of Westminster, with their interesting pictures and panelling, make a splendid setting for any party. Mrs. W. S. Morrison recently held a most enjoyable afternoon At Home here for members of the Diplomatic Corps, Members of Parliament and of the House of Lords, their wives and friends. The Speaker was there and helped Mrs. Morrison, who looked charming in a *vieux rose* and black printed silk dress, to receive their guests in the Blue Drawing Room.

Among the first people I met were Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, having a long talk at the top of the stairs with Nancy Viscountess Astor. In the Red Room overlooking the river, where there was a long buffet, I saw Mrs. Neville Chamberlain in black with a large bunch of violets pinned on her dress, Lord Courtauld-Thomson and Sir Denys and Lady Lawson greeting many friends. Others strolling through the rooms stopping to have a word with other guests were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, Lady Robinson, whose

husband Sir John Roland Robinson, M.P. for Blackpool South since 1935, was knighted in the recent Queen's Birthday Honours, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, Mr. Harold Macmillan, who came in for a short while rather late, Brig. and Mrs. Magnay, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, who told me how enchanting her first baby granddaughter is. There were numerous diplomats at the party including the French Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador, the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Malik, the Rumanian Ambassador and the Czechoslovak Ambassador.

★ ★ ★

**L**T.-GEN. SIR OTTO LUND, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and Lady Lund, came in a party with Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell to watch Miss Vacani's children's dancing matinée, given at the Scala Theatre in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Sir Harold Mitchell, who in addition to his varied business activities does very good work for the movement in the West Indies, was recently made a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. He had a dual interest in the matinée as he and Lady Mitchell had their three-year-old daughter Mary Jean appearing in the second item on the programme, the "Nursery Rhymes."

The show, which was excellently produced, opened with the Scottish country dance, "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh." The Hon. Jacquette Lampson, Sarah Milnes-Smith and Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser were among those dancing this number. A colourful ballet called "The Season's Gifts" came later in which Tamsin James danced the Spirit of the Earth with Priscilla Playford as the Spring Fairy, while Antonia Woosnam-Mills, in pale pink and roses, represented Summer and Janet Smith and Sandra Mary Cheatle were Autumn and Winter fairies. Their attendants, dressed as tiny fairies, were enchanting and included Linda Bailey, a Spring Fairy, Lady Sarah Curzon, Amanda Stewart and Susan and Sally Potter as Summer fairies. Sir Timothy and Lady Eden's daughter, Elfrida, danced a solo called "Prayer," with grace and charm.

The big piece before the interval, when I had to leave for a wedding, was "Cinderella" in which Janet Smith danced the name part. Tamsin James and Sandra Mary Cheatle were excellent as the Ugly Sisters whom they



THE SMILING QUEEN, whose horse Aureole had just won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, was congratulating her trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, while her mother and Princess Margaret looked on

[Continued overleaf]

ALL THE ROSES OF SUMMER seemed to bloom when the Rose Ball was held at the Dorchester. Many of the ladies wore pink or flower patterned gowns, and after dinner roses were handed round to the three hundred guests



Miss Elizabeth Stevens and Mr. Edgar Morgan had adjourned to the bar where they had a glass of champagne



Thoroughly enjoying an excellent evening were Miss Elizabeth Fagan and Mr. Dacres Dixon. Dancing continued till the early morning



Miss J. Dobbin, who had roses on her dress, was happily waltzing after dinner with Mr. David Barham



Emblems of the ball were distributed by Miss Jennifer Ratcliffe to Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Col. Reynolds-Veitch, Princess Marie Louise and the Earl of Euston

#### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## St. John Outposts Met In Mayfair

portrayed with a great sense of fun. Geraldine Messervy-Whiting made a very live frog hopping about the stage. But the biggest applause came for the "ties" including Caroline Pilcher, Jonathan Delaney and Marie Powell, who came on dressed as mice.

The happy result of this matinée was a splendid sum for the St. John Ambulance Brigade, whose officers are most grateful to Miss Vacani for this effort.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER very active supporter of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in this country is the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and when she accompanies her husband on his business travels all over the world, she makes a point of visiting unofficially the various St. John headquarters. Recently she and her husband gave a reception at Claridge's where the room was decorated with flags of the Empire, to welcome officers of the Order of St. John and members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade from overseas.

There to meet them, too, were Sir Otto and Lady Lund, also Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, Mr. Horace Parshall and Major White Knox, who all hold high executive appointments in the organization here. Among those present who had worked hard for the Brigade in other parts of the world were Sir Ralph Hone, the former Governor of North Borneo, and Lady Hone, Sir Hubert Rance, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago since 1950, and Lady Rance, Sir Ellis Robins from Rhodesia and Sir Peter Bell from British Guiana, where he is the Chief Justice and St. John Brigade Commissioner.

There were also guests from almost all other parts of the Empire. Two outstanding women among these were Miss G. Davis, visiting matron of the medical and health department of Mauritius, and Mrs. Hatch, the St. John Superintendent of Port Elizabeth. Talking to them was Lady McMurrough Kavanagh who has been so helpful in taking St. John visitors from overseas over the Royal Mews.

The Earl of Devon and his sister Lady Kathleen Birnie gave a delightful cocktail party for her younger daughter, Miss Angela Birnie, at the House of Lords. Happily it was a fine and warm evening so the party was held on the terrace overlooking the river and was the greatest fun. Instead of the usual noisy and rather overheated crush it was possible to hear what everyone said and to move about freely and greet friends.

Col. Birnie was there to help his wife, also their elder girl Susan who came out last year, and is now working hard at her dressmaking business after taking her training very seriously. There were many of this season's débutantes and some who came out last year with Susan, at the party, with an even greater number of young men who were all enjoying the cool and impressive surroundings. Mrs. Anthony Crossley brought her piquant-looking débutante daughter Theresa, who wore a lovely red rose and white chiffon evening dress, as she was going on to the dance being given that evening in the country for the Hon. Fionn O'Neill and her brother Lord O'Neill.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Carter brought her daughter Miss Wanda Willert who was having a cheery time with a group of young friends, and I also met Miss Rose Lygett Green, and Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths and the Hon. Mary Stopford, who left together as they both had dinner engagements.

Pictures of the occasion are printed on page 163.

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THE only splash of colour in the beautiful all-white wedding of Mr. Archie Kidston, son of the late Cdr. Glen Kidston, R.N., and Mrs. Sheffield, and Miss Susie Pease, younger daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Pease and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, were the scarlet tunics of her three young pages who wore replicas of the uniform of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment. The service, at which the Ven. Lawrence Ashcroft, Archdeacon of Stow, officiated, took place in the newly restored church

**ELVES AND FAERIES** and Cinderella's mice flitted lightly across the stage, at a delightful children's matinée given by the pupils of Miss Vacani at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets



Outside the theatre were Miss Vacani and Lt.-Gen. S. Otto Lund, with Mrs. B. Grosvenor (left), Lady Braithwaite, Lady Lund and Miss V. Cunard

of St. James's, Piccadilly, where vases of white flowers stood on each side of the chancel steps. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a beautifully cut dress of white organza, with a lily motif appliquéd on the train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a narrow white circlet and she wore a magnificent sunray diamond necklace belonging to Mrs. Sheffield.

Pages were Reginald Sheffield, Mark Toller and James Pleydell-Bouverie, who walked with the child bridesmaids, Fiona McGowan, Emma and Laura Sheffield. They, like the two older maids, Miss Fiona Sheffield and Miss Julia Bellville, wore long white organza dresses, simply and beautifully made, and wreaths of flowers on their heads.

At the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at Hutchinson House, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's mother and his stepfather Mr. Sheffield. These included a hundred relations and friends from all parts of the country.

**I**W the bridegroom's grandmother Lady Hindham, his aunts Mrs. Cottrel, who brought their daughter Lady Rose Bligh, and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, whose son and daughter were in the bridal retinue, and the bridegroom's stepsister Miss Serena Sheffield, who was wearing a large red straw hat with a white dress. The bride's elder sister Mrs. Charles Toller was there with her husband—their small son Mark was the youngest page—also her aunt the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan with her husband and her son-in-law and daughter the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Wood, and the Hon. James Howard and his daughters Mrs. Dick Kerr and Miss Priscilla Howard.

Other guests included Mme. Hägglöf very chic in black, Countess St. Aldwyn wearing a white sequined cap with her black dress, Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Major Arthur Smith-Bingham, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, and Miss Joan Norrie, who had only returned the previous day from New Zealand where she had been spending the winter with her father, Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, who is the Governor-General out there. Earl Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Jean Garland and her son and daughter, Charles and Joanna Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Rosselli and her son Peter, Viscountess FitzAlan of Derwent and her daughters the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward and the Hon. Lady Naylor Leyland were others there.

When the bride and bridegroom return from their honeymoon in Paris and the South of France, they will settle in a new house they have just bought near Newmarket.



Mrs. J. F. Mordaunt and Mrs. R. Selby were lending a helping hand to Charlotte Haynes, Amanda and Joanna Mordaunt, Jane Fenella Hawkins and Pamela and Virginia Selby



Vanessa Todd-Froome was having her dress fastened by her mother, Mrs. R. W. Froome, before the performance



In the crowded dressing-room, Mrs. H. E. R. Stewart helped her daughter Amanda on with a ballet shoe



Taking part in "The Railway Station" were Miss Elizabeth Byfield, Miss Ingrid Levine, Miss Jacqueline Warren, Miss Margherita Pacitto, Miss Sally Stevens, Miss Pauline Davies, and behind, Miss Diana Richards and Miss Susan Warren



Full of fire in action, polo ponies are singularly amiable "off duty," and here Miss Peggy Walsh was looking after four good-looking remounts in the pony lines, before they were called out to play their part in the Ham Club's game with Cirencester



Smiles from Carolyne and John Gerard-Leigh, who, with their mother, were watching their father, Lt.-Col. W. H. G. Gerard-Leigh, play for Cowdray Park

## HOME OF BRITISH POLO SAW COUNTY CUP BATTLE

ROEHAMPTON—the "Lord's" of British polo—was a fitting duelling ground for teams competing in the coveted County Cup during a fortnight's intensive play. Fourteen teams, representing clubs from many parts of the country, and one visiting Continental team, were engaged, and though rain fell most days it failed to keep the spectators away. Two neighbours, Henley and Friar Park, met in the final, and playing a postponed match in excellent conditions Henley won 7½-4 after a keen struggle



John de Salis was having a point explained to him by Major Archie David, captain of Friar Park



Viscountess Ednam and her son, the Hon. David Ward, were closely following the course of a match



Lt.-Col. J. P. Guinness, who played for Friar Park, returning with Mrs. Guinness to their car



The Comte A. de Ganay, a member of the French team La Versine, was here with the Comtesse



Waiting for the players to come on to the field in the Friar Park v. La Versine semi-final were two well-known umpires, Col. S. V. Kennedy and Lt.-Col. R. de Salis

## AT THE RACES

# Leger Hope Dimmed

### • Sabretache •

IT has been fashionable to add the word "glorious" to "uncertainty," if you happen to be talking about the Turf, but I have always had my private doubts whether this is, or ever has been, justified. I do not think that many people see much "glory" about a good horse's active career being prematurely cut short by some initially trivial accident.

I am thinking particularly of Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Infatuation. He might not have won the Derby, because I think he is the wrong size for Epsom; he would not have won the Eclipse, because it is not his distance; he might not have won the richly endowed King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot over one and a half miles, but I could not see anything more like a Leger winner, if all had gone smoothly.

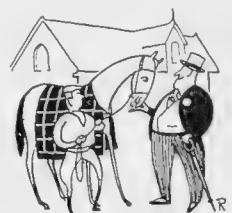
Let us hope nevertheless that he may yet run, even though the present outlook is hardly encouraging. If his famous trainer can present him fit and ready at Doncaster, I do not think that we need look elsewhere for the winner.

I CANNOT believe that either Darius, good as he is, Landau, Arabian Knight or overrated Rowston Manor are going to help to keep the foreign invader out of the Leger, but failing Infatuation, I believe Umberto, if sound, might quite likely bear a hand in doing the job. He is bred all right for a distance and his appearances before the Court so far give us good encouragement. He is almost bound to stay, and has likewise the indispensable speed, without which no horse is a racehorse (*vide* the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, and that very short head to Darius, a good enough gallop for anything). We do not yet know about Never Say Die. If little Lester rides him again he would look attractive, but this dashing youth has been put in the corner. Nevertheless we miss a very good jockey. I think we must believe that this American winner of our Derby is out of the top drawer.

THIS talk about "a new Rowley Mile" calls to mind the fact that there is no course in the world whose distance has been so much altered as this famous gallop named after Charles II's hack, who, incidentally, must have been a bit above that class, since the King won quite a few races or "matches" on him. Here are the official dates and figures concerning the alterations which have taken place since its origin as "Old Rowley's Mile"—1843 one mile one yard; 1853 one mile seventeen yards; 1888 one mile eleven yards, and 1902 one mile.

The famous mile, therefore, has had many vicissitudes since its inception. Whether Charles II ever rode a winner over this particular Newmarket course has never been succinctly stated, but it is almost any odds on his having done so, for he rode several winners over other places at Newmarket. It is an historical fact that he is the only ruling monarch ever to have done so.

Most of the Stuarts, bar "Dirty Shamus," who, of course, could not ride at all, were very useful on a horse, but James II was never any good; he never went near a fence, and preferred the "Currant jelly dogs" to any others. England, of course, was not then very much enclosed. If it had been I do not suppose that James would have gone out hunting at all. He was one of the few kings of this realm who was an arrant coward.





THE CLASH OF ARMS, exemplified by the feud of Ajax (James Grant, left) and Hector (Raymond Westwell, right), is faintly heard as a background to the romantic manoeuvring of Troilus and Cressida (Laurence Harvey and Muriel Pavlow) abetted by Pandarus (Anthony Quayle)

**Anthony Cookman**

Illustrations  
by Emmwood

# At the Theatre

## "Troilus And Cressida" (Stratford Festival)

IT is only a comparatively short time ago—since the late twenties, let us say—that Shakespearian producers began to work on the principle that the national poet knew what he was about in the theatre. The gratifying result is that such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure For Measure*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, once rated among the terrifying risks of Shakespearian repertory, have been completely revitalized and established firmly in popular favour. One came to Stratford for the last time this year with the hope that something of the sort would be done for *Troilus And Cressida*, the strange comedy of disillusion which has left a long succession of commentators sharply at odds with each other as to its general intention.

Nor was the hope wholly disappointed. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production, like his handling of *Antony And Cleopatra* last year, is swift, well adjusted and its interpretation so delightfully decided and clear as to leave the audience in no doubt that the long-sought theatrical formula has been found.

It is always said that the play rambles on just as it happens. Mr. Byam Shaw succeeds in showing that it is a play which, so far from rambling, picks up its theme in the first few words and goes on sticking it till nearly the end as a terrier sticks to a rat.

THE play asks whether such things as love, honour, romance and heroism can be said really to exist, and the characters never cease by word or deed to give the question a fresh analytical turn. "Wot's the good of anyfink?" asked the old music hall comedian, and answered "Nuffink!" Shakespeare in this comedy is making fascinating intellectual and comic play with the same conundrum. His answer is much the same except that it is qualified by an acute awareness of what follows from the disruption of the bases of what we call civilization.

The lucidity and amusingness of Mr. Byam Shaw's production incline us to think that a great deal too much sentimental fuss has been made about the bitterness of heart in which the play is supposed to have been written. What strikes us is not so much the author's bitterness of heart as his complete detachment of mind as he tries to give concrete dramatic life to abstract ideas. Mr. Byam Shaw's production might well have taken a classic place in the stage history of

*Troilus And Cressida* if the producer in casting the parts had not been restricted to a particular repertory company.

MISS MURIEL PAVLOW is an accomplished little comedienne, but her pert modern style is ill suited to Cressida. She cannot help giving the show away too soon, and Cressida appears rather as a professional wanton deliberately ensnaring a foolish youth than as a light woman utterly incapable of making good her impulsive vows. And the best thing that can be said of Mr. Laurence Harvey's Troilus is that it cleverly introduces a lurking humour meant to hint that Shakespeare, though he could not refrain from writing magnificent love poetry, was here consciously parodying his *Romeo And Juliet* manner.

But Mr. Harvey does not rise to the magnificence of the poetry; and so his subtle intention miscarries. Mr. Anthony Quayle as Pandarus gives a polished and amusing study of comic hypocrisy, but Pandarus is old age gratifying his sensuality by proxy and is no hypocrite.

These and other imperfect interpretations enforce severe penalties on the production, and they are not altogether offset by the excellence of Mr. Keith Michell as the insolent and self-worshipping Achilles, Mr. Leo McKern's expressive speaking of Ulysses, and Miss Barbara Jefford's remarkable abandon as the light, sensual and heartless Helen.

Mr. Byam Shaw is better supported by his stage designer than by his actors. Mr. Malcolm Pride's costumes clearly and handsomely differentiate Greeks and Trojans in the short scenes which can easily become confused, and the vista of modelled tents and ships in the background is not only splendid in itself but leaves the whole stage free for the actors.



AGAMEMNON (William Devlin) registers a gloom which the circumstances fully vindicate

STRATFORD this year has sought to give youth its chance. Nobody can say that the bold experiment has succeeded. It has foundered on the general badness of the verse speaking. Its best justification must be reckoned Mr. Keith Michell—a young actor who has something of the Olivier quality of arresting attention even while he is motionless and silent on the stage. Mr. Quayle's Othello was handicapped by a weak Iago and both the principals in *Romeo And Juliet* disappointed.



Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Drewry going over the final arrangements before the arrival of their guests. After the steeplechase, dancing went on again until the early hours

**LANTERNS LIT THE JUMPS** at the moonlight steeplechase at Rainscombe Park, Pewsey, Wilts, when the Tedworth Hunt's Steeplechase Ball was held. The 250 guests left the marquee on the lawn, where they had been dancing to the Welsh Guards band, to take up viewpoints on the 2½-mile course



Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks, who presented the 'chase prizes, was escorting Lady Horrocks to the dance floor



Col. J. Lyall was taking refreshments with Mrs. Pat Maurice, who helped to organise the evening



Discussing the race were Mrs. Chater Robinson, Miss Julia Marsh-Kellett and Mr. Robert Staveley



Mr. Peter Scott was entertaining Miss Shirley and Miss Patricia Stratton in a break between dances

## London Limelight



Kay Walsh and Eric Portman are protagonists in the new Rattigan play

## Separate Tables —Bill For Two

**R**ATTIGAN, now our senior practising playwright, has a new work which starts its maiden voyage late next month. *Separate Tables* is another double bill, but unlike *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade* it concerns the same characters in each play.

The setting is a Bournemouth boarding house and it is interesting to speculate on Mr. Rattigan's methods of obtaining local colour. Did he stay a week, using a pseudonym and acting a part himself? Is the background based, as with one or two of Mr. Coward's studies, on childhood memories?

The double aspect of the same event is not a new idea to fiction, *vide* the *Spanish Farm* trilogy, but this is its first stage appearance. The protagonists will be Eric Portman and Kay Walsh, the latter making her first London appearance since 1940. Peter Glenville will direct the Stephen Mitchell production.

**T**HE Bristol Old Vic, an enterprise which rarely puts a foot wrong, is responsible for *Salad Days*, a musical entertainment due in London on August 5th. The composers are Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade. The latter, who has written the new music for *The Duenna*, was a notable figure at Cambridge two or three years ago, for he composed *Bang Goes The Meringue* and *Lady May*, and organised both productions. The present story is of young love, flying saucers, a magical piano, a mobile and a secret wedding. If one substitutes a train smash, a Derby Day, and a Private View for some of these new-fangled ideas it will be seen that all the customary ingredients for any musical success are present.

**D**EAR Miss Jessie Matthews, beloved chorus girl and star of every intelligent adult male alive in the 'twenties, is to return to London in the autumn in a new musical, as yet untitled, composed by Herbert Gregg.

The impresario on this occasion is Peter Saunders, the man who has been sufficiently astute to capitalise the obvious possibilities of Agatha Christie as a dramatic author.

This is heart-lifting news for those of us who spotted Miss M. in the back row of *Charlot's Revue* (first Edition), noted her promotion (second Edition) to the front rank and applauded like undergrads, when, in the seventeenth (or thereabouts) Edition, she was allowed a couple of lines and a solo high kick. At this time Gertrude Lawrence and Bea Lillie were the stars, notably in a sketch called *Fallen Babies*, which was much funnier than Mr. Coward's original thesis.

—Youngman Carter



THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES, played by Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson at the Lansdowne Club Ball, sounded stirringly by the balcony from which Mr. de Durfort, Miss Anne Blakiston-Houston and Mr. and Mrs. J. Erle-Drax were watching the reels



Miss Gillian Lutyens, a great-niece of the architect, was dancing a quick-step with the Hon. Andrew Davidson

## Talk Around the Town

Now that Canada has a Queen, the day may come when it will claim a peerage of its own.

Titles have been rather in the shadow in the Dominion since the prolificity of Mr. Lloyd George in 1919, except during a brief Tory administration.

Yet it has had its measure of Royal Dukes.

There was the dear old Duke of Connaught, who became Governor-General in 1913, and whose benevolence was so admired that I doubt if anyone cared to stress the fact that his grandfather, that martinet the Duke of Kent, also lived in Canada as C.-in-C.

The Duke of Connaught was followed by his Grace of Devonshire, at a time when rumour had it that one of his daughters was greatly admired by the then young Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Cornwall masked officially the identity of King Edward VII. when he (as Prince) paid the Dominion a visit.

But the duke who might have cut the biggest figure in the eyes of Canadian realists was not royal. This was the late Duke of Westminster, whose industrial projects on the British Columbian coast (a country which sees the Duke of Edinburgh this month) will eventually involve countless Grosvenor millions.

He saw the scheme well launched before he died so suddenly—just a year ago.

★ ★ ★

I HEARD the other day of the death of one of the major statesmen of our time. You may not have heard his name. Few people ever did. But there was no doubt in his own mind about his status.

He knew what it was to bear the burdens of the world on his shoulders, and never to

be appreciated, to endure all the frustrations of the prophet to whom no one ever listens until it is too late.

I well remember the years when he bore the burden of India on his shoulders. This was in the era when the first Lord Rothermere assured us all that Gandhi had his eyes on the St. George's by-election in Westminster. The stupidity of everyone in those days drove my friend to drink.

**H**E knew of plenty of historical precedents for being driven politically to drink, from Pitt the Younger onwards. And he early foresaw the danger of Hitler; used to foresee it early every morning when he opened his papers, and by the time he had to leave for his work his wife usually had had to endure a full foreign policy debate, one which he waged between himself, always giving himself victory. To see him score over some luckless opponent was a fine sight—the flash of wit, the parade of accurate figures—it was imperialistic democracy at its best.

Locarno, Munich, Lend Lease, General de Gaulle; his mind roamed the world for things to get angry about. And sometimes he would deign to write a letter to the newspapers. But he preferred to make his points verbally.

Now he has passed on, and recalling some of the erudition he lavished on the matter of religions, I doubt not that he will stand a better chance of sorting them all out to his own satisfaction than most of us.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE B.B.C. cuts a rather poor figure at times in *Last Years of Henry J. Wood*, by Jessie Wood (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), a volume of biographical notes on Sir Henry, whose ghost hovers benignly over musical London as the season of his Proms arrives.

When the B.B.C. made their dramatic flight from London at the outbreak of war the Prom. concerts were among the many things abandoned. It was not until three years later, when all the first bombing was over, that the B.B.C. could be induced to resume sponsorship. No wonder that their attride in these musically starved years moved an already ailing conductor to "silent burning anger."

The measure of the debt which London



Beneath the beautiful Adam plasterwork stood Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Allen, Capt. Innes A. du S. Watson, Miss Shirley Bowden and Mr. P. D. Krolik

owed to lovable Sir Enry was apt to be obscured at times by the feeling that he may not have been the most inspired of conductors. Well, he wasn't; but what idealism, what persistence and what faith in good music's appeal! It was a feverish determination to rouse his orchestra from a night of war weariness into giving a proper rendering of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony that finally laid him low. The last notes played at Bedford that evening in 1944 were his swan song.

Conducting is an energetic business and raises some to boiling-point, so that they have to change their shirts at half-time.

A request was made to the Board of Trade on Wood's behalf for coupons for extra undergarments during the war. So they sent him enough for one pair. "All dance band leaders are allowed the same number," they wrote primly. The comment upon this of Harry ("Blackbeard") Wood of the "Hot Melody Queensters" is not revealed. Might have been a colourful one.

**S**IR HENRY WOOD was seventy-five when he died, and, had he not been so firmly established long before the B.B.C. was ever heard of, the rules of that Corporation would have axed him fifteen years before as

a regular conductor on its staff. Sixty is the retiring age and Sir Adrian Boult was retired under this rule.

Of the five conductors who will appear during the current sixtieth Jubilee season, three are over the B.B.C. age, while Sir Malcolm Sargent comes near it at fifty-nine. Sir John Barbirolli is fifty-five, but Sir Thomas Beecham is seventy-five and Mr. Basil Cameron will be sixty-nine next month.

They promise to do a first performance—in England—of "Symphonic Dances," by Rachmaninoff, with seven other new works, one being from Sir Arthur Bliss. A programme I feel I might like to attend is not being given: that is the first one of all, as delivered on August 10th, 1895. Among the pleasures of that evening, I note from the current programme, was a rendering of "Loch Lomond," by a Mrs. Van Der Veer-Green, a name that is rather suggestive of a Du Maurier cartoon of life in South Kensington.

Another stirring item, Mr. Peterkin's "A Soldier's Song," is just the thing for a NAAFI concert, with its reference to perils and heroism, and the charge they made. "The soldier's life is ne'er from dangers free" it begins, and ends with a triumphant "Hurrah!"

**M**R. SIEGFRIED SASSOON once remarked to Mr. Arnold Bennett that he would be proud to rise and lead the applause on the first occasion when a conductor took no bow, but, silencing the audience, lifted up the score and, with a gesture of the baton, invited applause for the composer.

The cult of conductor-worship can be little more than a century old. Blame that sadist Wagner; with his ordeals by marathon and insistence on athletic playing.

The result is that sometimes one sees huge posters with the name of the man waving the baton about four times bigger than the name of the orchestra, six times broader and deeper than any solo performer and twenty times the size of the type used for mere composers.

Shakespeare suffers the same sort of relegation on many playbills.

—Gordon Beckles



Midsummer Ball Held Amid the Blue and Gold of the Lansdowne Club

Enjoying a breath of night air on the terrace were Miss L. Mackworth-Young and Mr. Gale Coles



Mr. Rex Hancock, Miss Jill Parker, Miss Susan Parker, Miss Anthea Vaux and Mr. Robert Fellowes were sitting outside the ballroom



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. F. Reeve stopped to talk to Col. David Farquharson on their way to supper



The hostess Lady Bowater led off the dancing, for which the Scots Guards played, with Mr. Gilbert Longden, M.P. for South-West Hertfordshire. A company of 200 were at the party, all distinguished in various spheres of action

## FIREWORKS BLAZED FOR SIR ERIC'S GUESTS

ONE of the most original parties of the summer was that given by Sir Eric and Lady Bowater for their friends at their Surrey home, Dene Place, West Horsley. It took the form of a night garden-party, with dancing, a candlelight dinner in a big marquee, and to crown all a magnificent firework display



Sir Eric Bowater, the host, a great name in industry, was enjoying a joke with Mrs. Iain Murray



The Marquess of Linlithgow had come over from his table after dinner to have a word with Lord Burghley, Mr. John Boscawen and Lady Burghley



Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney (right) brought Mr. Vivian Cornelius to meet Lord Douglas of Kirtleside and Mme. t'Serstevens



Miss Sarah Bowater, daughter of the host, was at the table with Mr. Alan Jarvis



Lord Knollys, former Governor of Bermuda, was at a table with Viscountess Portman



The Marquess Townshend was laughing at a remark by Mr. John Eden, M.P., nephew of the Foreign Minister.



Miss Florence Desmond discussing with Sir Archibald McIndoe, the eminent plastic surgeon, her recent tour of Australia



Mrs. Peter Hordern, the Marquess Townshend and Lady Glyn were three at Sir Eric Bowater's table



Clayton Evans  
Miss Greta Gynt, the actress, was chatting with her dinner companion, Mr. Charles Hughesdon



Harcourt

## DINING OUT

### Jolt For The Seigneurs

WINE is by nature a topical subject and is always being written about.

But one hears comparatively little of the *grands seigneurs* of the cellars—the liqueurs, content as they are to rest on their "ancient formulas of fifteenth-century monks," etc., etc.

The whole family of them enjoyed great popularity by the end of the war, and the belief then was that people were sugar-starved. A sound enough theory.

From my own observation I would say that the average diner-out looks to cognac or armagnac with after-dinner coffee. This certainly fits in with an experience of one of the big liqueurs.

I tasted this one the other day, taken from a bottle marked "B. and B."—*Cachet d'Or*. This proved to be a mixture of Bénédictine and brandy, and was concocted to satisfy sharper palates. But the Bénédictine still dominates the elixir, as I suppose it should! I believe honey comes into its making and, of course, that "ancient herbal recipe." One published guess at this refers to the "essences of angelica and hyssop, along with various herbs whose iodine and bromine were smoothed by the sugars."

ANOTHER liqueur which lends itself to mixing is Chartreuse.

One mixture nick-named the Episcopal (after an Archbishop of Grenoble who favoured it) calls for one third yellow Chartreuse (86 proof) and the balance in green, which is much stronger. This mixture is not bottled—you must mix it at the table.

On this colour question, I find that the French vermouths used for dry martinis are now nearly always the colourless ones.

No harm in this, and possibly some benefit—to barmen. The illusion is that you are drinking a cocktail almost entirely of gin.

FOR the next few weeks I intend to take "Dining Out" on its annual European tour.

Things have changed on the Continent since last year. They now have no more choice of basic foods than we have. So meals can be judged more sanely than when people smacked their lips as much over enjoying things not obtainable in England as they did over the actual cooking.

But if Europe has no greater choice of foods, their ways of dealing with them are as interesting as ever. Veal, for instance. A young Englishman of twenty-one asked the other day in a West End restaurant "just exactly what veal is!" So much for all the years with so little of one of the staple meats of most Continental nations that it scarcely ever appeared in the home.

And a *Wiener Schnitzel* in a restaurant was usually chicken or pork.

—I. BICKERSTAFF



F. J. Goodman

MRS. MACNAB, photographed at her house in the Square du Bois de Boulogne, is the wife of Brigadier Geoffrey Macnab, British Military Attaché in Paris. Brigadier Macnab, who has also been Military Attaché in Rome and Bucharest, will shortly be leaving Paris after five years' service there

## Priscilla of Paris

# The Thunderbolt Splutters Out

**FROM THE ISLAND.**—It was such a dear little train! Such a chuffing, snorty, smutty little train and yet so romantic. It plied, in the outer suburbs of Paris, between Enghien and Montmorency and it was greatly patronised by lovers, its old-fashioned oil lamps were so dim. I have heard of one young Lothario who had a season ticket for use during the winter evenings.

Yes indeed! It was a dear little train and now it is no more. The axe has fallen! It has been retired! With illuminations and fanfares, speeches and song, dressings-up and decorations and, in short, with goings-on of every description. Drop a tear, O sentimentalists and lovers of those dear, dull

days of long ago when only Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells suggested that World Wars might come upon us. Drop a tear over the death of this ancient *tortillard*.

In its youth, its brasses gleaming, its pitchpine partitions sweating varnish and its upholstery smelling of hot dust, it carried a pretty, blue-eyed, teethfully-smiling maiden named Jeanne Bourgeois from her home at Montmorency to her daily job at Enghien; a maiden who became famous and is still spoken of as "Mistinguett-of-the-lovely-legs"!

**T**HIS tearful homage to a dear, departing friend must not be taken as homage to railroads in general. During the first days of the holiday rush I was obliged to see

some friends off at one of the big stations and as—battered but still entire—I limped back to my waiting car I registered a vow. Never again will I grumble that I "am sick of driving." After all one leaves, if one wishes, in solitary state and at the hour one desires (even though one may not arrive in the same manner) and, with judicious use of Michelin's excellent maps, one can always avoid the over-crowded *routes nationales*. The roundabout route I took coming down here to the Island may have been hard on my travel budget but it was worth it. Even the errors (if any) were interesting.

**H**ow I came to find myself on the Nantes-St. Malo road, not so near Nantes as I might have wished, I know not. It may have been the radar-like guidance of my eminent and well-travelled friend, Carlotta Silgni. Before I left Paris she told me of the Hotellerie du Vieux Moulin, at Hébé, where discreet, modern plumbing has not destroyed the *vieille France* aspect of the well-proportioned rooms and fine old furniture. Carlotta, being something of a gourmet as well as a born pathfinder, also assured me that the food was excellent. I heartily concur.

Contrast being the salt of life, and remembering somewhat tardily the respect one owes to one's budget, I put up next evening at one of those picturesque auberges that are advertised with a spoon and egg-cup in the Michelin guide. The egg was fresh, the cider was old and the apricots were from the *patron's* garden but, when morning dawned, I went on my way scratching.

**I** ARRIVED at the Island to find blazing sunshine and a dome of cloudless blue overhead. Real Island weather. The day closed with a red sunset, night followed with brilliant stars winking in a summer sky and there were glow-worms in the garden. The barometer quivered, not far but with optimism. Bliss and rapture. In our sleep that night we no doubt wore the smug smile that Islanders flaunt when the weather is bad everywhere—except on their Island. Next day the smile was washed off. We woke to a deluge!

When one returns to a summer home of one's own, that has been empty for several months, one can put up with a few days of rain though domestic chores are less bothersome by sunshine. It is for the daily tourists who come over from the mainland and the holiday-fortnighters that one feels so sorry. There is, however, a silver lining to our clouds, and it is provided by the show of exquisite water-colours by Mme. Nicole Tripier at the biggest hotel. This distinguished artist must love the Island, so subtly has she captured, in her land and seascapes, the luminosity and colouring of our small Eden.

# Enfin!

• Heard at the *Certificat d'Etudes*.  
EXAMINER: "What do you know about 'Les Misérables'?"  
CANDIDATE: "A novel taken from the film of the same name by Victor Hugo."



**"DO YOU LIKE MY BOUQUET?"**

To a small bridesmaid a posy can be as important as her bouquet is to the bride, and here Aurea Tennant asks an important question of her half-brother, Mr. Anthony Tennant, after his wedding to Miss Rosemary Stockdale

[Continued overleaf]



By an open window, Miss Sarah Chester Beatty, one of the bridesmaids, chatted to Mr. Dominick Elwes

Continuing—

## BRIDE FROM MIDLANDS HAD IVORY WEDDING

MISS ROSEMARY STOCKDALE, an outstanding debutante of 1952, who is a niece of Lord Faringdon, became the wife of Mr. Anthony Tennant at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. The bride, who comes of a leading Northamptonshire family, was attended by two pages and six bridesmaids, attired in delicate shades of ivory



"If I'm lucky, perhaps no one will notice," thought Lord William Compton, a page, helping himself to cake



A cheerful greeting from Mr. Anthony Tennant and his bride as they arrived. With them was the best man, Mr. Mark Tennant, brother of the bridegroom, and Lady Radcliffe. The bride's parents are Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Minshull S...



Atchinson House for the reception.  
The elder son of Mr. John Tennant  
of Mears Ashby Hall, Northampton



Among the many friends who came to the reception were Col. E. Remington-Hobbs and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer



Comparing their impressions of this most delightful wedding were Miss Valerie Maxwell and Miss Sarah Walford



Mr. Basilde Ferranti and Mrs. H. Allom had come to offer their good wishes to the bride and bridegroom



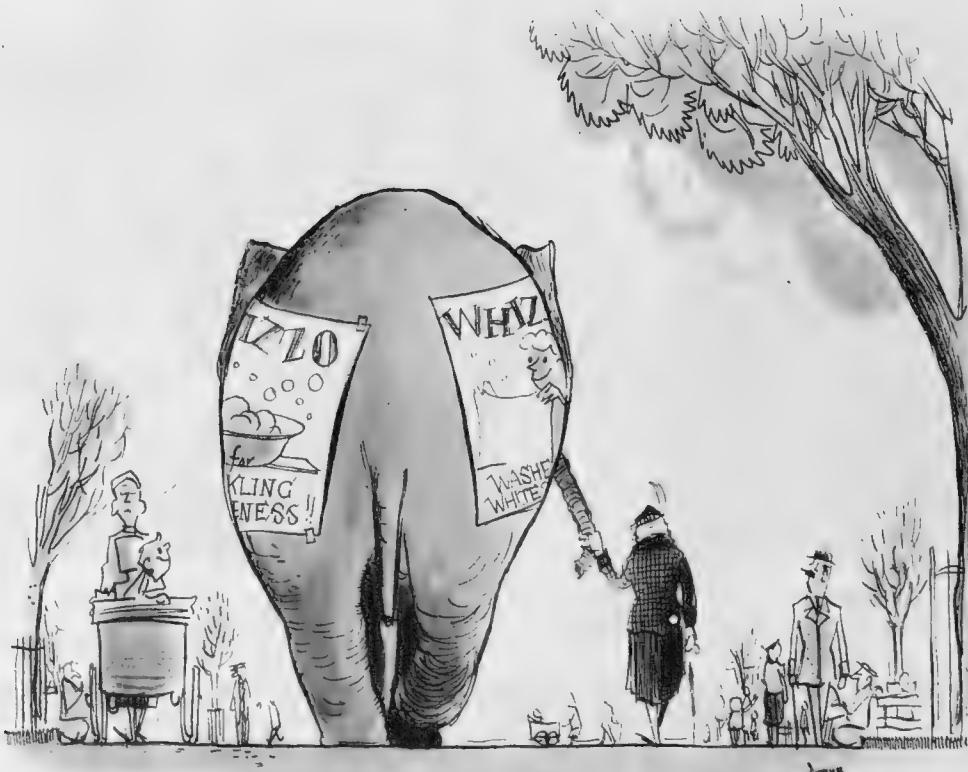
Lt.-Col. A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh was having a few words with the Hon. Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh



Mr. Michael Barlow and Mr. Richard Hawkins joined Lady Radcliffe, mother of the bridegroom, in a toast



Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrienne Allan) with her son and daughter, Mr. Daniel Massey and Miss Anna Massey



" . . . walking, rather disconsolately, in the Park "

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*Standing  
By . . .*

**D**IMPING adorably and glancing sideways through shyly-fluttering lashes, the shortly-to-be-crowned Cotton Queen of Egypt will accept the official prize of a water-buffalo (*vide* Press) with, doubtless, a song in her heart. But what of the future?

In Mayfair they quote the ominous precedent of Babs Fauncethorpe, to whom the Maharajah of Dhritipore gave a bejewelled State elephant, Attlee by name, as a parting gift, in 1938. "Mayfair Elephant Girl to Wed" announced the Fleet Street boys at intervals, hopefully but inaccurately. A number of gentlemen who managed to swipe a jewel or two from Attlee at parties found them to be glass, and the beastly expression in those little red eyes disinclined them to further exertion.

On the last occasion that we saw the inseparable pair walking, rather disconsolately, in the Park we noted that Whizzo Soapflakes have taken over the valuable advertising-space on Attlee's flanks and rear. The crowd was notably apathetic. It seems that Miss Fauncethorpe's Mumsie has firmly vetoed the balancing-trick-with-flags clause in her contract, and an action with Whizzo is pending. In like wise, to our way of thinking, the Cotton Queen's massive pet may trample on a home-girl's dreams; exciting a few fellahs, maybe, but not the kind a girl cares to interest. One sees her brooding petulantly amid the

ruins of Memphis, with her patient water-buffalo in attendance.

And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced ape of Horus sits,  
And gibbers while the fig-tree splits the pillars of the peristyle. . . .  
Hold it, baby! (Click.)

#### Panlure

"**S**OTS on the face are banished by a remedy taken from the querulous nests of birds"—it seems to us not uninteresting that some 1,930 years after the well-known Roman beautician P. Ovidius Naso put this one across the mems, spotty English Roses should be (as last week) pestering Home Page beauty experts with the same old cry.

Ovid's birds'-nest specific, we find, on looking it up, is called "halcyon cream." He recommends mixing it with a little Attic honey before smearing the pan, and it seems possible that this cynical old literary hound, very properly exiled to Tomi on the Black Sea in due course, is fooling the memsahibs deliberately, like a Home Page expert we used to know called "Mélisande." Coping with the mems' little problems had turned Mélisande, a short, stout, sulky, baldish type with frayed braces, into a bitter gynophobe. "Tell 'Home Girl' to boil her (something) nose in fish-glue," he would cry to his secretary. "Remind 'Heartsease' that the first sign of dawning love is a good crack on the ear with a fried eel." Usually his secretary ignored such outbursts and used Replies No. 38 and 57b respectively, but a lot of evil byplay got into Mélisande's page nevertheless, and was never detected. Possibly professional beauticians all go mad this way. However—

What is the Tincture of the finest Skin  
To Peace of Mind and Harmony within?

Bond Street's cast-iron alibi, by a minor eighteenth-century poet.

#### Faëry

**G**OOD old Jakob, good old Wilhelm, we thought affectionately, reading that the original MS. of the Brothers Grimm has just been acquired by a Swiss connoisseur. Those were the boys (we thought) to put over a really convincing fairy-tale, unlike our native Whig historians and Min. of Information narks.

Here we did the Min. of Inf. boys an injustice,

perhaps, their German-corpses-into-soap-factory story of World War I being recognised as a major achievement even by current Soviet propaganda-experts. However, the Grimms knew long before any of these boys what the nursery wants, and one can see the two dear old bachelors at this moment, seated cosily by their glowing stove on a winter night of (say) 1810, smoking long pipes, nursing a tall tankard of Spatenbrau apiece, and cooking up the climax of *Hansel and Gretel* together in perfect amity.

"Hansel then kicks the old witch twice in the sweetbreads. What next, my dear Jakob?"

"I think, my dear Wilhelm, Gretel might saw her head off."

"That is good, Jakob. I was afraid our little story lacked the old true German ring. Few of our characters have received, as yet, what our dear Goethe would call 'the works.'"

"If you prefer, Wilhelm, Hansel can carve the old woman with a meat-axe while Gretel saws."

"Chop, chop! I think the little ones would like that."

"It is amusing."

"It is Nordic."

"The children will love it."

"Bless their little flaxen polls."

#### Afterthought

**W**HETHER all this got into the final version we forget. Since nearly every bad character in Grimm's Fairy Tales gets a severe bashing, we don't doubt the old trot got her packet after preparing to roast the two children in the oven. Real good nursery stuff, equalled only by the verve with which Wendy rips the liver out of Hook just before the Lost Boys take Peter to pieces. Or are we thinking of *Wuthering Heights*?

#### Wuff

**D**OOGIES are playing up so vigorously in national affairs that the Fleet Street boys can hardly keep pace with them, as you probably recall from the relatively small space given to that RAF Alsatian who practically scooped the Royal Tournament preview by falling off a tiny ladder, amid thunderous cheers. Normally he'd have got a half-column interview, with photograph. All he got was a few paragraphs.

A leading Press-agent tells us that doggies—any one of whom rates for news-value at this moment at about the level of six exquisite little actresses robbed of mink coats—have still to learn the art of timing from their lovely rivals. Otherwise, he said, our dumber chums are beginning to lose the game. "I can't get these obstinate little dishes to feature the same kind of tricks as the doggies," said this expert fretfully. "They seem to think the old routine good enough. The public won't stand for it. There's actually one fairy queen on my books who keeps nattering about losing her pearls—a racket which went out with the incandescent mantle."



" . . . a half-column interview, with photograph "



Miss Angela Birnie and her mother, who is a sister of the Earl of Devon, waited on the terrace to welcome the guests on their arrival



Mr. David Christie and Miss Sheera Farn-Ferris were in thoughtful conversation by the buffet table



Mr. David Rutherford and Miss Janet Rutherford (right) chatting to Miss Susan Birnie

THE HOUSE OF LORDS was the scene of an unusual cocktail party given by Lady Kathleen Birnie for her debutante daughter, Miss Angela Birnie. Nearly 300 guests attended this highly sociable gathering, and drank champagne on the river terrace



Among the older guests who had brought debutante daughters to the party were Lady Starkey and Mr. Desmond Boyle



Early arrivals on the House of Lords terrace were Mrs. R. B. Cooke, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Alicia Cooke

## ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

SOME Czech soldiers on a visit to London had been studying Basic English and, on the whole, were managing pretty well. One of them went up to a policeman and said, politely:

★ "Please, Bobby, which watch?" The policeman looked puzzled for a moment and then he understood. He held out his wrist for the other to see his timepiece.

"Six watch? Such much?" said the soldier, and hurried on.

ONE day the wife of an actor was talking to a friend about her husband.

"Oh, yes," she said, "my husband is a very great Shakespearean actor. Do you know, he once received the V.C. for playing Hamlet in London."

"The Victoria Cross!" cried her friend. "But he couldn't have. That's only awarded for outstanding bravery."

"Well, you should have seen his Hamlet!"

★ \* \* ★  
SHE stalked into the office of the private detective agency and demanded an interview. Before the startled detective could say a word, she launched into a tirade against her husband. Finally, when she stopped to get her breath, he was able to get a word in.

"Just what do you want me to do, madam?" he asked.

"I want my husband and that woman followed," snapped the visitor. "I want them followed night and day, and then I want a complete report on what she sees in him."

★ \* \* ★  
HE was the rawest of raw recruits. In his first week he lost his rifle.

"Twenty-eight days' detention and five bob a week off your pay until it's paid for. That's what's coming to you, my lad," said the sergeant.

"Pay for it as well?" gasped the recruit.

"Yes, and you can thank your lucky stars it wasn't a tank!"

"Ah," groaned the culprit, "now I know why a captain prefers to go down with his ship."

## At The Pictures

### EVERY CANON BROKEN



Dana Andrews and Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk"

an excellent, entertaining film.

The only use Hitchcock makes of the spatial freedom of the film medium is the occasional close-up or camera angle to emphasise a gesture, an expression or an object. Only a director of his skill could get away with it, so let no one else try, please.

Not all the credit is his. Frederick Knott's plot is plausible and fascinating; the time-tested dialogue is to the point.

It is really an actor's film. Ray Milland is the husband who organises the perfect wife murder; she, as you no doubt know, disobeys him by accidentally killing her appointed slayer, whereupon the husband tries to frame her for murder. Milland is well cast in this suave, cold-blooded role. So is Grace Kelly as the nice, unsuspecting wife. Miss Kelly is said to be Hollywood's latest star discovery, and long may she shine. She is pretty and intelligent.

John Williams makes an engaging study of the logic-chopping detective, quick to jump to every conclusion but the correct one.

**A**T last the one scene I never thought the film-producers would realise: a herd of elephants in the drawing-room. You need, of course, a big drawing-room and you get it in *Elephant Walk*, which concerns the misadventures of lovely Elizabeth Taylor as chatelaine of a Ceylon tea-planter's bungalow the size of Versailles.

Miss Taylor marries Peter Finch, a rich planter. Anyone who marries above subsistence level is in for trouble these days in films, and Miss Taylor gets it. Not only does Peter Finch drink. He plays bicycle polo all over the house and worships his dead father. So she plans to run off with Dana Andrews.

It is a bit above the average of jungle melodramas. It keeps on the move.

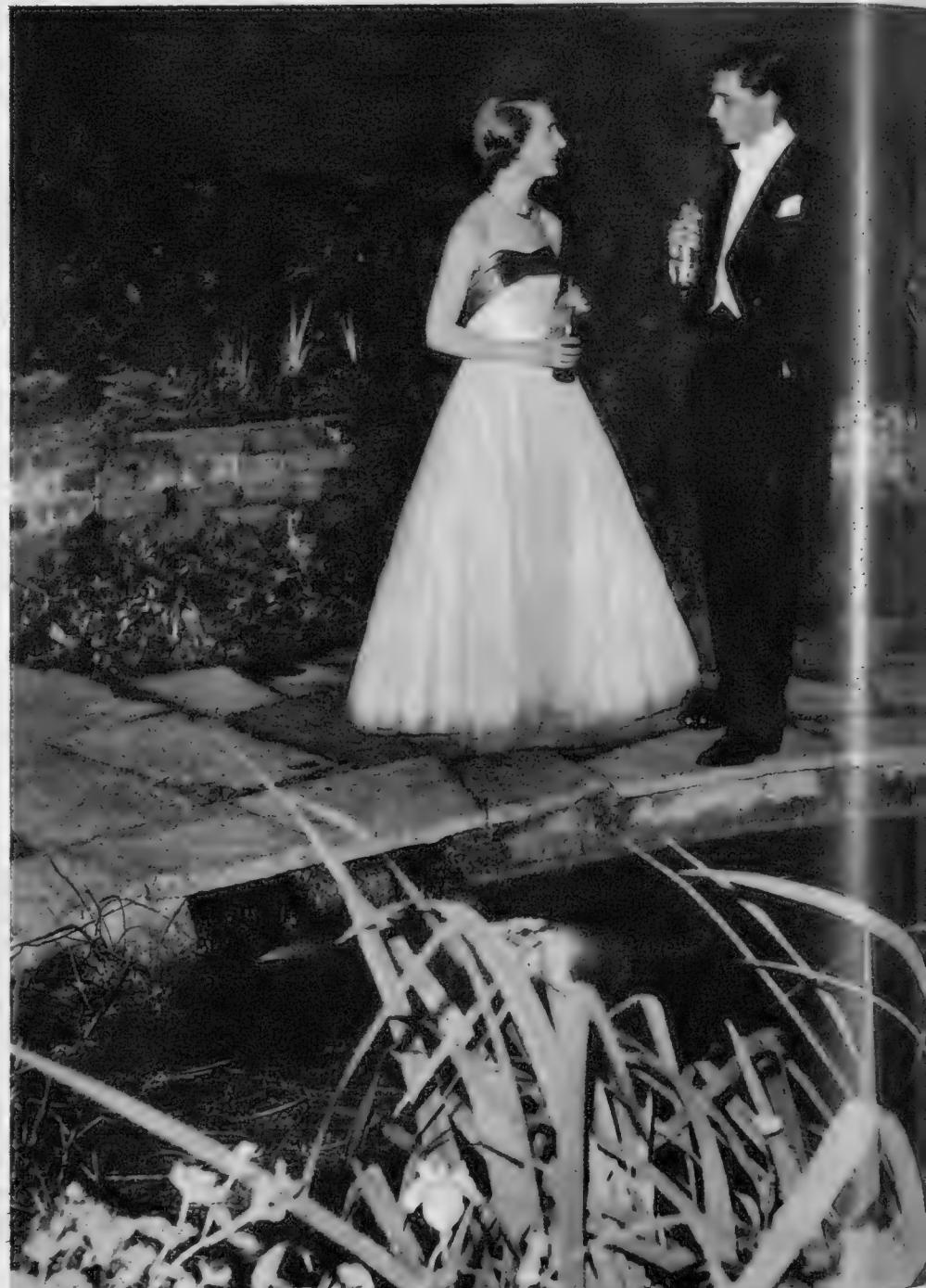
**Y**ET another theatrical success becomes a film this week: *Seagulls Over Sorrento*. The brothers Boulting have expanded the play to include much more of the upper-deck story about the torpedo experiments, and have added, quite fittingly, some American characters. The result is an exciting, well-made film in which the original lower-deck comedy is not lost, while the story gains in impact.

Gene Kelly comes off nicely in the straight part of an American lieutenant pitchforked into the pugnaciously British atmosphere of H.M.S. Sorrento. He is wittily supported by Freddy Wayne and Jeff Richards as American ratings. The British ratings are all good choices: Bernard Lee, Sidney James, Ray Jackson and David Orr. John Justin makes a capable job of the British lieutenant and Patric Doonan's petty officer is enough to make old sailors shiver their timbers.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Round a table were Miss V. Redgrave, Mr. J. Andreea, Miss J. Morton, Miss C. Morton, Mr. B. Mackaness and Miss V. Wilkins



Favoured by the weather, the guests were able to spend some of the evening out of doors, and Miss Sarah Legge and Mr. Peter Gardiner strolled together in an ornamental garden

### DANCING IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY

**A**T Bentley Wood, Halland, Sussex, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Carr, a coming-out dance was given for Miss Carol Lascelles Carr by her mother, Mrs. James Armstrong. The 360 guests danced under a marquee and in the open air, and among the many attractions, a specially built Canadian-style barbecue, from which supper was served, was extremely popular.



Waiting to receive the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Carr, at whose home the party was held, the hostess Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Carol Lascelles Carr and Mr. James Armstrong, who is the Agent-General for Ontario



Miss Elizabeth Peto and her partner, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, were dancing a waltz in the white-and-gold marquee



During a break between dances, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dutton-Forshaw chose an indoor sofa for a rest



Chatting together during this delightful evening were Mr. Clive Carr, son of the hostess, Miss Shirley Bowden, Mrs. John Ryder-Burbidge and Mr. John Ryder-Burbidge

## Television

### READY-MADE TREAT

AT Lime Grove summer is a time of experiment, of daring successes and embarrassing flops. But no hare-brained novelty takes pride of place above such ready-made treats as Mozart from Glyndebourne. To-morrow any sit-at-home viewer may share in the luxury of *Don Giovanni*, with Sena Jurinac's peach-voiced Elvira.

Aidan Crawley's new series, "Viewfinder," started with the imposing advantage of Sir Winston Churchill at his most benign answering the American Press. But Mr. Crawley followed up with interviews of French opinion enterprising enough to inspire hope that Friday's session will see him established as the columnist British TV has so long lacked.

Most exciting experiments I find those of Paul Johnstone and David Attenborough, trying to emulate their own triumph in erudite entertainment "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral." By to-morrow week, "Where on Earth?" may look more like that scholarly quiz—if the chairman has unbent and Mr. Attenborough achieved puzzle pictures more visible to viewers' naked eyes. Even Peter Fleming and John Betjeman seemed transfixed by the still pictures—a retreat to lantern slides in mournful step with the news service's primitive experiment with stills. "Authors in Focus" promises more lively hope, at least worth watching on Monday week to see how producer Johnstone fits Stephen Potter's "A Sense of Humour" into the formula for books of general interest which lend themselves to illustration.

NEXT Wednesday's "Panorama" is the summer's last of this erratic magazine. It goes on holiday with verdict on it still unproven and barely time to judge between the belligerent chairmanship of Malcolm Muggeridge and the blander guidance of Max Robertson.

By to-night I hope to be still able to enjoy Donald Wilson's serial *Six Proud Walkers*. The cast, led by Anne Crawford and Andrew Osborne, shows an easy professionalism welcome in TV's temple of amateurs.

As the picnic of parlour-games draws to an end hope dies hard. Even the awful precedents of "Ask Your Dad" and "Change Partners" cannot quite blot the prospects of "One of the Family," next Tuesday week.

And I look forward with morbid glee to Margaret Lockwood's chairmanship to-night of "Once Upon a Time," remembering her benevolent buffoonery in the chair of "Down You Go."

AMONG pleasantest recollections of recent viewing are experiments by two of our most elegant leading ladies. Sierra's nostalgic one-act play, *The Lover*, gave Diana Wynyard scope to be cool and tender, beautiful and regal, all in half an hour. Margaret Leighton inaugurated a small treasure of an experiment, a programme of poetry and chamber music.

Sir Alan Herbert was exactly the right celebrity to preserve in "The Spice of Life." His scrapbook should encourage other picturesque figures.

But neither beautiful actresses nor A.P.H.'s wit outshone the stars of The International Horse Show.

Robert Barr's documentary exposure of "mock auctions" did more than demonstrate this producer's customary efficiency. It pointed the way to a whole series of exposures of popular pitfalls and perhaps ultimately to more active TV intervention for better and worse in our affairs.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



THE MERCEDES-BENZ DRIVEN BY J. M. FANGIO, passing the grandstand at speed during the British Grand Prix race at Silverstone. Damage to the bodywork, caused by collision with corner-markers, can be clearly seen. This car came in fourth over the 270 miles of the race, being preceded by two Ferraris and a Maserati

## Motoring

**Oliver Stewart**

# What Do These Signs Mean?



F. Gonzales passes the chequered flag at Silverstone to win the British Grand Prix for Ferrari

of the places I have visited, but for the sake of our reputation as a hospitable country I am compelled to comment upon them.

Let me specify. At Silverstone time I was staying in a hotel where I had stayed for three or four years running. Every year when I went there the hotel was under a different management. Every year the cooking differed and the service differed and the cleanliness of the rooms differed.

On the most recent occasion I wished to get to the track quickly and asked for breakfast at the earliest hour. Breakfast, I was told, was served only between 8 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. I arrived in the dining room at eight o'clock and had to wait for a quarter of an hour. Breakfast eventually came. Then a party arrived at the hotel and, judging from the label on their car, they also were bound for Silverstone. They asked for breakfast and were told that they could have none there. They said they were ready to wait for an hour or so but they were again told that nothing could be done about it.

I could enumerate many other features of this remarkable hotel, but the feature that strikes me most is that all through these years of varying service and varying inefficiency, from the bearable to the unbearable, the hotel has proudly borne

A POPEXY is the sole outlet permitted in the United Kingdom for the emotions which are aroused by the practices in some English hotels. The law of libel prevents me from stating honestly and truthfully my opinions of some

outside the insignia of the Automobile Association and of the Royal Automobile Club. I should like those two authorities to let me know how often they visit these hotels, or upon what basis they grant permission to exhibit their signs. If A.A. and R.A.C. signs are broadcast without tests of any kind, it would be a good thing to abolish them altogether. I should like these two organisations to reply on this point, and I can assure them that when they do reply I shall try to give the substance of their comments in these pages. Meanwhile I think we must suspend judgment on A.A. and R.A.C. signs outside hotels and their bearing on quality or standing.

HAVING alluded to the bad kind of British hotel I ought in justice to refer to one of the good kinds. Not long ago I stayed at what claims to be the "first Motel in England." The word "motel" alone is enough to put you off, but the place is, in fact, worthy of high commendation. It is Rouncil Towers, at Kenilworth. Here there are "villas" (they seem to be bent on choosing the wrong words), each with its small garage, its bed and sitting room, its sink and electric hotplate, its central heating, its bathroom with shower and basin, arranged around a short, oblong-shaped road. One therefore drives straight to the appointed garage and one's car is alongside one's living quarters. Cooking can be done in these living quarters so that there is no need to visit restaurants, but there is, in fact, a main building where the offices and a bar and a restaurant are situated, and those using the villas can also use the facilities in this main building.

Motels are a feature in America, but an American guest at Rouncil Towers told me that they were mostly of a lower grade than this one. He was especially appreciative of this British Motel and my own opinion supported his. It is an admirable place to stay and I expect to see this kind of accommodation become more popular in this country in the future.

DESPISE what happened at Silverstone in the British Grand Prix the merits of Mercedes cars must be regarded as beyond dispute. This company has tackled the problem of obtaining the greatest speed on a road circuit for a given engine capacity in a manner that must excite admiration.

We note first of all that the new Mercedes racing cars have a fuel injection system. Many people have been playing with fuel injection systems. The advantages of injection over carburation in the ordinary sense of the word are known, but the problems of metering the fuel correctly and obtaining satisfactory running throughout the speed range are many and difficult. Mercedes have clearly tackled them with their usual vigour and—as it seems at this writing—have solved them. Thus we come to a much more rational means of supplying the cylinders than that of piling on more and more carburettors until the stage when every cylinder has one of its own.

Another feature of interest about the Mercedes cars is the inboard front brake drums. Brake drums have always been a source of trouble because they are in a situation where their condition cannot be properly controlled. They get hot, they distort, they fail to give uniform performance throughout the speed range and they fall short of the ideal in a host of different ways. With the inboard drum a closer control can be exercised over the temperature and the conditions of the braking. The Mercedes introduction of the inboard braking drum, although by no means the first attempt in this direction, is likely to lead to the eventual disappearance of the drum which is part of the wheel.

PREPARATIONS are already in train for the thirty-ninth International Motor Exhibition. It is to be held at Earls Court from October 20th to the 30th, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders tells me that the Show is likely to be the best mixture of sales interest and technical interest we have had since the war. There will be no racing cars this year, partly, I gather, because of pressure on space from cars on the ordinary market.

Last year I received a number of letters complaining about the catering facilities at Earls Court, but it has been said that an attempt is being made this year to improve them.





During the reception, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Alexander was chatting to the Master of the Worshipful Company of Bakers, Mr. Trevor A. Bowen, and his daughter, Miss Dorothy Bowen

## ROOF RECEPTION BY THE BAKERS

FORSAKING the City, the Worshipful Company of Bakers held a reception in a Kensington roof-garden, followed by a dinner and ball. Some 200 people enjoyed the evening, which was organised especially for the lady guests of the Company



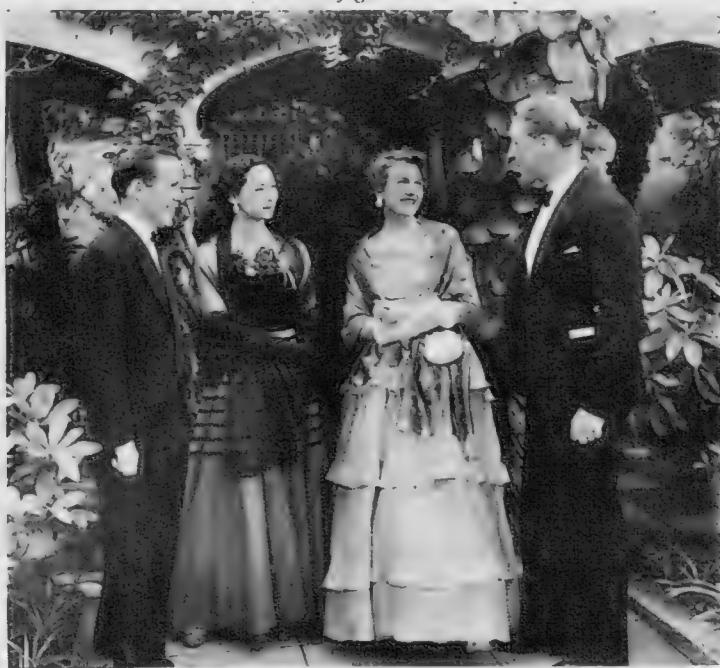
Among those present were Mr. O. G. Goring, Mr. N. McCarthy, Mrs. Goring and Miss Elizabeth Goring, a 1954 debutante



Mrs. Glynn, Dr. J. J. Glynn, Miss V. Coombe and Mrs. H. M. Collinson met for a drink in the roof-garden at Derry and Toms



Beneath a Tudor arch in the cool of the evening were Mr. Henry Holm, Mrs. and Mr. Frank Snow, Mrs. Henry Holm, and Mrs. and Mr. Trevor Edwards



Mr. John Garner, Miss Valerie Cooper, Miss Christine Buchanan and Mr. Thomas Hudson were enjoying a stroll in the beautiful Spanish Garden



THE HON. MRS. KATE MARY BRUCE, here in her Chelsea home, will have a new novel, *The Poodle Room*, published by Heinemann in September. She is a daughter of Viscount Maugham, P.C., Q.C., former Lord Chancellor, and a niece of Mr. Somerset Maugham

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

### Self-Portrait Of A Rebel



WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME'S HALF TERM REPORT (Longmans; 15s.) is something of a document. It is the autobiography of an independent, a character sufficiently well known—indeed, the author's name has, for one if not another cause, been so often before the public that interest may well attach to his story.

Having been born in 1912, he writes in mid-life, hence the engaging title of his book. From the cradle on, Mr. Home was (or so he appears convinced) endowed with the power of thinking for himself, of seeing things in his own way, and of behaving accordingly. This could not fail to bring him, from time to time, into collision with authority, and the tale terminates with this Old Etonian's and former Guards officer's emergence from Wakefield Prison.

No crime, but an assertion of conscience—for an inconvenient moment—accounted for his incarceration. At a crucial point in the 1944 invasion of Europe, Mr. Home refused to obey an order; and went on to air his reasons for doing so in the Press. He was cashiered, and sentenced for twelve months. The year was, in two senses, not wasted, for reflection only the more convinced him that he was in the right, and he conceived the idea of writing a prison play. *Now Barabbas* was the successful result.

Already, he was a dramatist of promise; his first play, *Great Possessions*, having been

performed in the West End when he was twenty-two, and since then *The Chiltern Hundreds* and others have established him as a dramatist of standing. His sense, and love, of drama is evident in his telling of his story, which is packed with crises and seldom lags—whether it always pleases is another matter. For our author is a man of decided views, and modesty cannot be called his trouble—no shrinker from limelight would have arranged to conduct himself through the Oxford streets in a horse-drawn phæton, and though, of course, it is true one is only young once, a taste for the conspicuous remained with him. From the University he was sent down twice, and, upon the second occasion remaining down, proceeded to R.A.D.A.—with a view to learning all about acting, staging and production. He was for a short time on the stage.

POLITICS, however, were the thing. A month or two after the outbreak of World War II., Mr. Home found himself attracted to the Imperial Policy Group; early in 1940 he accompanied Mr. Kenneth de Courcy on one of his observation trips—they had a slightly sinister flight from Rome to Venice.

Then came life in the Army, plus the emergence of Mr. Home's conviction that he was unable to agree with Mr. Churchill—from this point on the word "aversion" appears so often that one could wish that Mr. Home (in common, alas, with a number of other writers) were not guilty of an irritating mistake—one should say aversion *from*, not aversion *to*. Anyhow, Mr. Home fought three wartime by-elections as an independent candidate: at St. Albans (the second one) anti-Unconditional Surrender was the somewhat complicated slogan. At the third, Clay Cross, he found himself unpopular.

As a Lowland Scot, Mr. Home not only feels it right to be independent, he definitely does

enjoy the sensation—touches of complacency here and there, are, I suppose, inevitable. *Half Term Report*, like it or not, is an able and spirited piece of work.

★ ★ ★

P RISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE (Gollancz; 15s.) also tells a story of struggle—national struggle this time. The angle is feminine and far from feminist, for it is clear that Indian ladies could espouse causes and face hardships without forfeiting their grace, their traditional deference to the other sex, their love of elegance or their gazelle-eyed beauty. The young face of the author of *Prison and Chocolate Cake* adorns (and I mean adorns) the jacket of her gentle, distinguished book—she is Nayantara Sahgal, niece of Nehru and second of the three daughters of Mrs. Pandit.

Her mother's career—Mrs. Pandit was India's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. from 1947-49, Ambassador to the U.S.A. from 1949-52, and was elected President of the U.N. General Assembly in September, 1953—seems in no way to have militated against domestic happiness or delicious family intimacy.

The three little Pandit girls grew up in an idyll only interrupted, from time to time, by the removal of one or both of their parents in prison vans. Nor was this sudden: as the struggle proceeded the parents sensed when their next arrest became due, and preparations were made accordingly. Really, the situation was not unlike the departure (in other times and climes) of gay, handsome Edwardian parents to what was once called the Riviera; supplies were ordered in, servants instructed, boarding-schools found or dependable governesses engaged.

Nothing was dishonourable about prison (for this cause)—in fact, you came to seem nobody if you had not been there. But it was uncomfortable: plaster fell from cell ceilings, rats were known to come bounding on to the beds; and the little Pandit girls, trotting in to pay visits, were perhaps unreasonably depressed by seeing lovely Mummie in prison garb.

R ARE the account of a childhood which is not charming, and Nayantara Sahgal's, with its pictures of shaded gardens, elegant formal houses, story-telling old aunts and majestic grandmothers, is particularly so. Our author missed the more crucial years of the struggle, for she (like so many young ladies of the enlightened East) was sent to an enlightened young ladies' college in America. The parents' wish to keep their children unwarped was laudable: what does seem a pity is, that this charming creature should have grown up (owing to the circumstances) knowing practically nothing about England.

*Prison and Chocolate Cake* suffers a little, though not too much, by being so clearly intended for a sympathetic American public. But it remains engaging and charming—not least so in the author's fond pictures of and tributes to her famous uncle Nehru. We are also given a girl's-eye view of Gandhi.

★ ★ ★

MARY FITT, as ever, sublimates a "mystery story" into a distinguished novel. LOVE FROM ELIZABETH (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.) gives us a haunting picture of a woman turning to power through being thwarted in love. Lady Elizabeth Carn rules her Cornish castle, Tristowell, like a malign enchantress out of legend—her feeble sister, the Lady Mary, small dark Welsh Tenella, who plays the harp, and Lady Elizabeth's red-golden haired adopted daughter, Augusta, are all, and equally, in her power.

"People," observes a guest at her dinner-table, "don't like having their personalities forcibly removed." And, on the whole, the males at Tristowell are either on the defensive or downright sullen. Of their number, most suspect by Lady Elizabeth is the American cousin Palin, whose determination to marry the young Augusta is obvious—for, as we learn, two former adopted daughters have already slipped through the lady's fingers.

Two more—Jane, a successful painter, and Veronica, anxious and impecunious mother of sons—also are at Tristowell this fatal night.

## ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman  
Miss Sonia Katherine Cayley, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. D. Cayley, of Rougham Chantry, Bury St. Edmunds, will shortly marry Mr. Peter ffrench, son of the late Capt. the Hon. John ffrench, and of the Hon. Mrs. ffrench, of Castle ffrench, Co. Galway



Bassano  
Miss Nereida Jennifer Eadie, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. A. Eadie, of Vernon's Oak, Sudbury, Shropshire, is engaged to Mr. Ian Patrick, son of Brig. J. Strick, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3, and of Mrs. D. C. Patrick, of Dvernis, Cullbackey, Co. Antrim



Lenore  
Miss Bridget Alice Colfox, daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Philip Colfox, Bt., M.C., and Lady Colfox, of Symondsbury Manor, Bridport, is to marry Mr. Alexander David Evelyn Mure, of Pluckley, Kent, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mure, of Holmbury, St. Mary, Surrey



## WHITCOMBE—COLVILLE

At Christ Church, Lanark, Mr. Arthur Philip Whitcombe, son of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. P. S. Whitecombe, of The Grange, Lake, Amesbury, married the Hon. Rosemary Colville, daughter of Lord Clydesmuir, Lord Lieutenant of Lanark, and Lady Clydesmuir, of Braidwood, Lanark

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



## OATTS—MACKESSACK

Capt. Robin Oatts, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, son of Col. and Mrs. H. A. Oatts, of Tullich, Argyll, married Miss Mary Mackessack, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Mackessack, of Tirahir, Nairn, at St. Columba's Episcopal Church, Nairn



## GREGORY—BERRY

At St. Mary's Church, Bridgwater, Mr. Kenneth Malcolm Gregory, son of Mrs. E. V. Gregory, of Devonshire Villas, Bath, married Dr. Hilary Anne Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Berry, of Maybank, Bridgwater, Somerset



## REYNOLDS—VARDE

Mr. Anthony Gilmour Reynolds, of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. H. E. King Reynolds, of York, married Miss Avril Varde, daughter of the late Mr. S. V. Varde, and of Mrs. H. S. Varde, of Bombay, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square



## RADFORD—WIDDOWSON

Mr. George Graham Radford, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Radford, of The Old Rectory, Wollaton, Notts, and Miss Susan Widdowson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Widdowson, of Armadale, Mapperley Park, Nottingham, were married at St. Mary's Church, Arnold, Notts



# Out-of-Town Ideal

WE PICKED as the FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK this little grey jersey dress by Linzi as the ideal all-day-and-every-day frock for the country. Its high roll collar and sleeves of heavy ribbed knitting lift it right into the model class, whilst its price, £5 9s. 6d., is definitely encouraging. It comes from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford St., who supply all the accessories

—MARIEL DEANS

Perfect partner for the casual jersey dress is this floppy, grey-blue felt hat slotted with black petersham. It costs 79s. 6d.



The neat fabric gloves with a suède finish for 15s. 11d., the big barrel handbag of raffia plastic for 19s. 11d., and the gaily striped handkerchief for 3s. 11d., are other accessories we chose to go with the dress



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**S**TILL struggling with husband's new diet. It shouldn't be a struggle, really, seeing that chief ingredients of diet are simple, ordinary food. Snag is that due to highbrow education about cookery, dislike simple, ordinary food and tend to make household's favourites consist of things stuffed with rice, fried in butter or olive oil, heavily garnished with mayonnaise or sauces, or shrouded in curry, and sudden shock of giving up all these things *en masse* results in severe nervous strain.

Had imagined, when husband took up diet, that it would suffer fate of past resolves to give up smoking, sugar in tea, sweets, detective stories, etc., but husband attacks diet with enormous resolve, starting off with vast jar of saccharine to put in tea and coffee. As he cannot remember to take auxiliary tin of same with him when he goes out, this is of only limited value, but psychological effect magnificent.

**D**URING first day or so I co-operate whole-heartedly and nobly, poring for hours over recipes which involve no fat, frying or starch, but reflect after a bit that diet really boils down to that of primitive man: everlasting grilled meat or fish becomes remarkably



boring after a while, no doubt this is why primitive man got round to inventing stews and sauces. Thank Heaven, not for first time, that husband dotes on fruit and salads, essential ingredients of diet.

Still, diet severely forbids salad dressing with oil in it; husband argues lettuce uneatable without and says he will go without permitted one pat of butter per day and exchange it for oil on salad. When he stretches argument to include cream on fruit, also to be compensated for by giving up same pat of butter, I am forced to be firm.

**F**ROM then on time consists of rationalizing his husband's determined efforts to not eat his cake and have it, too—to insist on lean meat, white fish, clear soup, fruit and salad in rich profusion—and somehow to circumvent the absolute prohibitions in the diet book. This diet, he insists, must not become anti-social. When we have people to dinner, they shall not be made miserable by his starchless condition; similarly when we go out, anything goes, however swimming in melted butter. While this, of course, adds to lure of social life, it nags at my conscience though not noticeably his.

Alcohol, absolutely prohibited by the diet

[Continued on page 174]



This pale almond-green brocaded satin dinner dress by Atrima is gathered into an enormous loop on the left hip. Cool-looking and extremely sophisticated, this is a wonderful dress for the right figure! It is stocked by Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge

# South Bank Evening

**P**HOTOGRAPHED amidst luxurious vegetation and contemporary décor at the Royal Festival Hall, we show four evening dresses for the concert-goer. Three of them are short and "easy," the female equivalents of the double-breasted dinner jacket: worn with a light top coat they could even arrive by Underground! The fourth is a grand dress for some more formal occasion

—MARIEL DEANS



Elizabeth Henry's enchantingly pretty, hyacinth blue net frock, silver-spangled, has a matching velvet ribbon round the waist. The softly gathered bodice is finished with wide, sleeve-like shoulder straps. From Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge

# CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY...

rules, is the subject of constant adjustment. According to my husband, there is little or no alcohol in contemporary beer—or at least not enough to make all that difference in carbohydrates just once in a blue moon. An occasional bottle of wine isn't what they call *alcohol*, he says, too—it's only drink, and anyhow the little we have won't make any difference. What they mean in the diet when they say *alcohol* he insists, is spirits, which upset his digestion anyway and are too expensive. Heroically I refrain from asking why, if they meant that, they didn't say so in the diet booklet.

**S**INCE the onset of diet have spent unconscionable time peeling or scraping potatoes, which are, amazingly, on the "as much as you like" list. Whoever worked this out cannot, surely, have realized the potato capacity of one suddenly deprived of sugar in tea or coffee, biscuits between meals, pastry, suet crust, rice, dumplings, pudding,



cakes, and about three-quarters of a large loaf per day. I have scraped hundredweights of potatoes and we are in danger of using up all the mint in the garden, a feat hitherto thought impossible.

The rules say potatoes must be boiled or baked in jackets, but as it seems to me both immoral and impossible to bake new potatoes in jackets, I keep on boiling. After defeating an attempt by my husband to count that pat of butter again spread out on potatoes, I think of doing them cold with mint and lemon juice instead of mayonnaise. We both dash out for snacks of cold potatoes when we feel hungry—in fact, we are becoming potato addicts.

**C**HILDREN, warned that Daddy mustn't eat this or that, are heartrendingly sympathetic—you would think from the expression on L.'s face as I take the crusty French bread out of harm's way that I am being deliberately cruel. They keep on pressing chocolate, cake, sweets, butter and cheese on their father with a furtive, "Hurry up—Mummy won't see," ruinous to parental solidarity. Altogether, in a short time he is the household martyr, I inquisitor in chief, and when I manufacture anything particularly succulent, such as sponge cake bursting with raspberries and cream, they greet it with an indignant, "Poor Daddy can't have any!" and stare at me reproachfully as if I had made it from purely sadistic motives.

Still, it works. At the end of the first week, my husband, conscientiously weighing himself at the same time as last week, in the same place and the same clothes, reports a loss of three and a half pounds. Why, as he says, the diet only *expects* him to lose about a pound or two in a week, and immediately embarks on a convincing argument for having double his daily bread ration—two slices instead of one.

— Diana Gillon



# ...South Bank Evening

(On the opposite page) Roecliff & Chapman's spinach-green poult dress spattered with white roses has a pronounced sideways movement, all fullness being gathered on to the left hip. The bodice is gathered, too, and finished off with elegantly narrow shoulder straps. Bourne & Hollingsworth have this dress

(Below) A strapless dress of black pleated organdie lattice-worked with narrow velvet ribbon. Its very full swishing skirt and closely fitting bodice are quite undecorated so that the beautifully graduated design is shown to the best effect. An Henri Gowns model, this dress is sold in Marshall & Snelgrove's model gown dept.



John Cole



Smart for summer wear are these white accessories from Wetherall. The bucket bag with its bold ornament is £1 11s. 6d., the narrow, well-finished belt to match 10s. 6d., and the prettily fringed triangle £2 2s.



# They're New

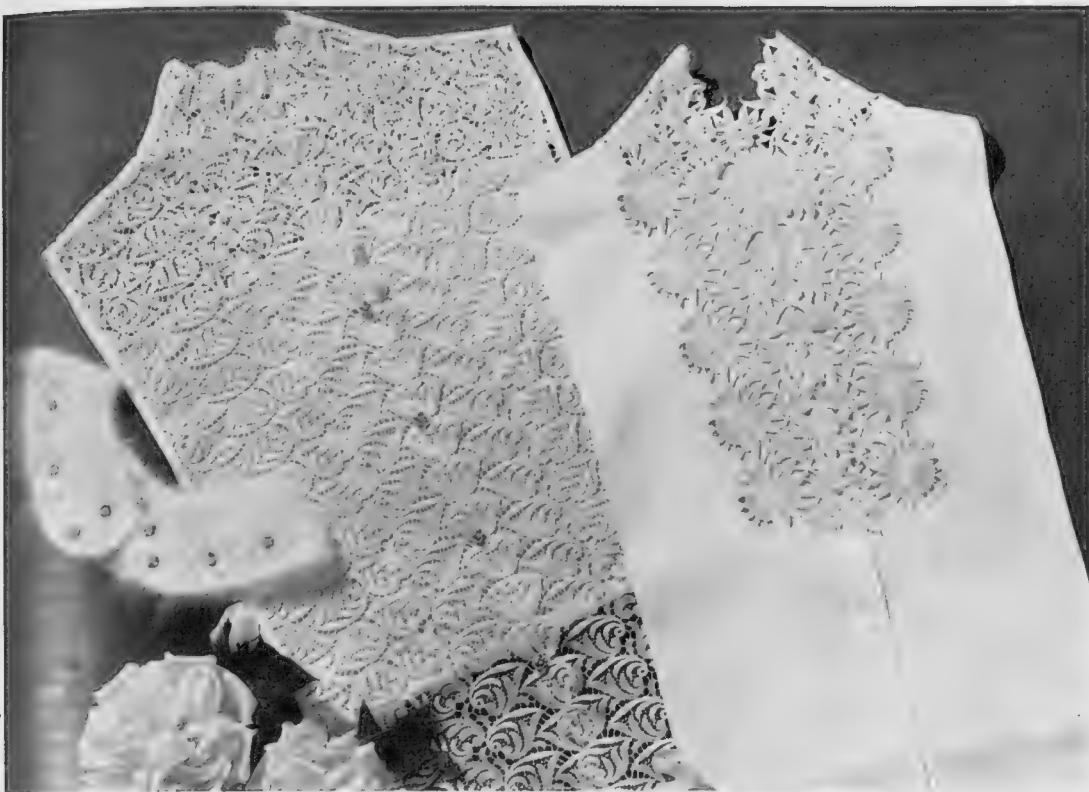
ORIGINALITY and elegance form the keynote of today's accessories. From Italy, Switzerland and other countries, ideas flow into our shops, where can be found the pick of the world's merchandise

—Jean Cleland

Left: Style is expressed in this smart coach hide bag. Suede-lined, with a bamboo handle, it has an outside pocket, into which we have tucked an attractive chiffon square. The chiffon scarf matches the square. All from Harvey Nichols. Bag, £6 10s., scarf, £1 12s. 6d., square, 17s. 6d.

Right: From a collection of distinctive squares at Woollards. Italian-made, with hand-rolled hems, they cost 21s., while the Swiss, also with hand-rolled hems, are 12s. 11d.





Above: From Debenham's new collection of exquisite guipure lace fronts from Switzerland. Prices range from 45s. to 97s. 6d. Also from the same store, an Angora sweater collar in white, plain or pearl embroidered, 9s. 11d. to 12s. 6d.

Below: This jewellery with the costly air is deceptive, for as regards price it is most reasonable. Gunmetal bead necklace 75s., paste spray brooch 45s., paste spray ear-clips 29s. 6d. It may be had from Debenham & Freebody



Dennis Smith

## IN TOWN TODAY

A VALUABLE service for those who are setting up house or redecorating their homes is being rendered by Woollands, who, on their new third floor, have opened three large rooms to make a centre where the best modern and traditional interior decoration is available and shown in its correct setting.

Here, in the centre room, you can see "Modern Interiors" designed to show to advantage the best of modern furniture against complementary furnishing fabrics and decorative pieces. Continually changing group displays of British and Continental designs are on view, with representative collections of the work of outstanding painters, textile designers and potters.

The east room is the setting for traditional furnishings with small pieces of antique and reproduction furniture, and has a section called "Curio Corner," where is arranged a collection of medium-priced pieces of antique china, glass, porcelain, etc. The west room is devoted to household linen, where a comprehensive stock offers the widest possible choice of household linens from the best known British and Irish manufacturers. The charm of this new venture is that one can see the furniture—traditional or modern—with the fabrics, china and glass all grouped together, and thus form an immediate and composite idea of how this or that scheme of decoration would look as a whole.

★ ★ ★

WANDERING through other departments of Woollands, I came across two things which quickly took my frivolous fancy. First a new and most attractive bath cap, which for 2s. 11d. is as becoming a piece of headgear as I have seen for some time. Made of sheered rubber in the shape of a tam-o'-shanter, in palest pink, with a deep rose rubber pompon on the top, it is a poppet for those who are the teeniest bit vain even when in the bathroom.

Second, a nylon detachable hot-water bottle cover, in a soft shade of pink, with a cosy woolly lining which just buttons on underneath. When you want to wash the outside, you just undo the buttons, remove the lining and rub through the nylon, which dries in no time. Price 29s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

CIRNS, famous for their warm but beautifully light cellular blankets, cater for the bairns with a charming idea which will delight the young mother or those who are seeking a present for the new babe. This is a special satin binding, expressly designed for the baby-size blanket, and printed with nursery rhymes. The print is done in an indelible dye, which is proof against sucking or chewing.

★ ★ ★

I was charmed with a new and delightful way of saying it with flowers, which Harrods have just introduced into their flower department. This is by way of conch shells from the South Sea Islands, which, filled with fresh flowers, cost from 15s. each. The shell forms an attractive vase and makes an unusual and lasting gift.



Jean Cleland solves—

## Some Holiday Problems

EVERYONE around me seems to be on the point of leaving for some kind of holiday. To swim in the sea, and laze on the beach, hike across the moors, cruise, golf, play tennis, or motor through the countryside at home or abroad. Most of them have some form of beauty problem about which they either tackle me on the telephone, or come round for a cosy little last-minute chat

LEGS, for instance. Quite a lot of people like to go stockingless and are troubled as to how to get a smooth, satiny brown surface. My advice is to have them thoroughly groomed before starting on the holiday, and the best and quickest way to get them completely free of any hair is to have a wax treatment. This can be done at a good salon, or at home, but unless you are used to the job, and adept at doing it, I advise you to let the experts tackle it. If you are going to be away some time, and the hair grows quickly, you can use a different kind of wax, which is much easier and less messy than the ordinary kind when you are doing it for yourself in a hotel or some place away from your own home.

This is a Laleek preparation called "Coolwax," and is sold in a tube which makes it very easy to

pack. The wax can be used straight from the tube, and all you have to do is to smear it on evenly and very thinly with the spatula which is provided. The directions, which should be followed closely, are extremely simple and the whole thing is completed very quickly. An attractive finish can be had by dusting the legs with a new powder called "Summer Loveliness," which gives a tan effect and is also made by Laleek.

THERE is no place like the beach for making one figure-conscious. Stripped of the cleverly cut coat or frock that disguises the not-so-good line, one regrets those past indulgences that have resulted in the roll here and the bulge there. But take heart. These things can be corrected more quickly than you think. If you only think in time—that is a week or so before you go for your

holiday—there is no reason why all should not be well when you finally get to the beach.

Make a mental picture of yourself as streamlined and svelte, and you should have no difficulty in cutting out sweets and starches and fats for a time. Do it faithfully just for a few weeks and you will be amazed at how quickly the scales show an exciting reduction in weight. For the odd spots, try daily massage with that excellent little machine called the "Pifco Massager." This just plugs into the electric light, or a point in the wall, then when you turn it on, it starts vibrating. Run it round your waistline or your hips and your thighs and the vibration breaks up the fatty tissues and increases the circulation. This really is an excellent form of self massage, and if done regularly the results are worth while.

★ ★ ★

HAIR is another holiday worry. Sea and sun in large doses both tend to have a drying effect, and this can only be counteracted by a little extra care in the way of massage with a re-conditioning preparation and special treatments. One good method is to use a hair food, called Sebosyn, which is specially designed to revitalise and restore the hair to its natural state. Sebosyn, made by Steiner of Grosvenor Street, is non-greasy, mildly antiseptic and richly nourishing.

Something which has been producing excellent results in cases where sun and sea-bathing have had a really detrimental effect on the scalp is a "prophylactic and toning up" treatment given by Paul & André of Dover Street. This stimulates the scalp, eradicates any tendency to dandruff and leaves the skin pliable so that the blood can circulate freely.

From various friends back from the South of France I have excellent reports, too, of the conditioning cream called "Countess" for repairing the damage done by sun and salt water. This replaces natural oils, lubricates the hair shaft and gives a new surface to the hair, making it smoother and less brittle.

★ ★ ★

ONLY recently I talked of various ways of protecting the skin from the injurious rays of the sun, so there is no need for me to go into that any further. But as regards ordinary everyday treatment to counteract summer dryness, I would recommend using one of the excellent vitamin creams that are now on the market. There are various good makes from which to take your choice, and they do seem to provide just that extra nutriment that the skin needs to give it back its natural bloom.

Don't forget to take with you one of the lovely shades of powder that go so beautifully with a brown skin. If you want one specially mixed for your own individual complexion you can always get this done by Charles of the Ritz, who make a speciality of this kind of service. There are some dashing new lipsticks, too, specially effective with gay beachwear, so have a look at these at the same time.

And with that, I will wish you luck as I wave you "goodbye."



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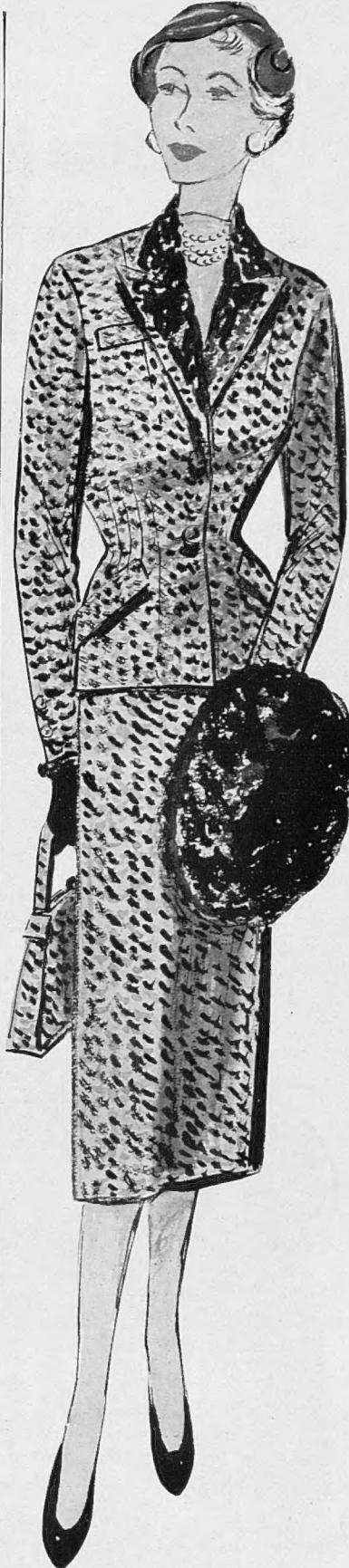
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## Book Reviews [Continued from page 168]

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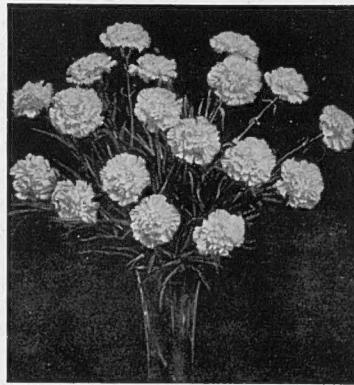
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## The Boy Who Came Back



What fearful secret did Elizabeth tell the too-bold Palin? It concerned, in some way, his young love Augusta—for he has fled the castle, declaring aloud that he must never see her again! Next morning the enchantress is found dead. . . . Exciting action in this story is provided by a subterranean cave, whose incalculable echoes betray a secret. Like her sinister heroine, Miss Fitt decidedly is a spell-binder: you are unlikely to lay down *Love From Elizabeth* till you have reached the end.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE LIGHT IN THE FOREST, by Conrad Richter (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is a short but very powerful novel and founded, we learn, on historic fact.

The scene is the mountain, forest and river country of Pennsylvania; the time, 1765. A white boy, Johnny Butler to his parents, after being captured during a Red Indian raid, was adopted and rechristened True Son. He had been four at the time; he is now fifteen—and in pride, spirit and loyalty an Indian. Battle sways too and fro between the two races; temporarily, the whites in this part of the country have the upper hand; therefore, when an edict goes forth that white captives are to be handed over, poor True Son's fate seems to be sealed—he must return to "civilization."

Chagrin, despair and recalcitrance make the returned Johnny a difficult proposition for his family—he detests and despises the Butler homestead. How can he break away?—he does: his friends Half Arrow and Little Crane are lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. But, alas, his return to the Indians stirs up an unforeseen conflict: they apply a test to his loyalty, and he falls short. The story is heroically and majestically told: to read it is to feel oneself in the deep forests. As recounted, this *should* be a children's story; but I think it is too poignant for the young.

★ ★ ★

**C**HATEAUX OF THE LOIRE, by Vivian Rowe (Putnam, 18s.), is a delightfully written, selective study of those Touraine monuments to French Renaissance life—of those who built and frequented them, of the personalities which made up their stories. Architecturally, this book is of value; historically, not less so—the tapestry of the past (a specific past) is at once brilliant and shadowy in these pages. About the Valois kings, their wives and mistresses, there could be an atmosphere of the fairy tale; but through that runs realistic grimness.

The epoch for which these châteaux stand began with Joan of Arc, ended with Catherine de Medici—who, the author inclines to show, may have been somewhat maligned.

Mr. Rowe has a gift for evoking scenes. And, not less, he has an acute sense of the personalities of the various châteaux, small or great, lovable or forbidding. This, though not a guide-book, is emphatically one to travel with: to the stay-at-home it offers no less good reading. The illustrations (photographs) are beautiful; and a list of key-facts and dates, with a chronological table of the kings of France, is to be found, usefully, at the end.

### GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**T**HERE must be many gramophone record enthusiasts who will welcome the reappearance of Marek Weber and his Orchestra in the supplements. Between the wars Marek Weber contributed with solid regularity to the entertainment provided in countless homes, and though fashions, and indeed sentiments, change, both have a curious way of "squearing the circle," and it will be interesting to discover the effect of this come-back, after so many years' absence.

Marek Weber presents a selection of some of the waltzes of Johann Strauss, *Wine, Woman And Song*, *Voices Of Spring* and *Tales From The Vienna Woods* being amongst the eight included in the selection. They are very well played, and very well recorded as one would expect from anything Marek Weber undertook. He has never been satisfied with the second-rate, nor have the years reduced his sensitivity as a musician, and, as in the past, he inspires his players into making a well balanced, infinitely polished recording. I believe this latest Marek Weber will hit the jackpot of success; it certainly should. (Columbia 33.S.1027.)

Robert Tredinnick

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